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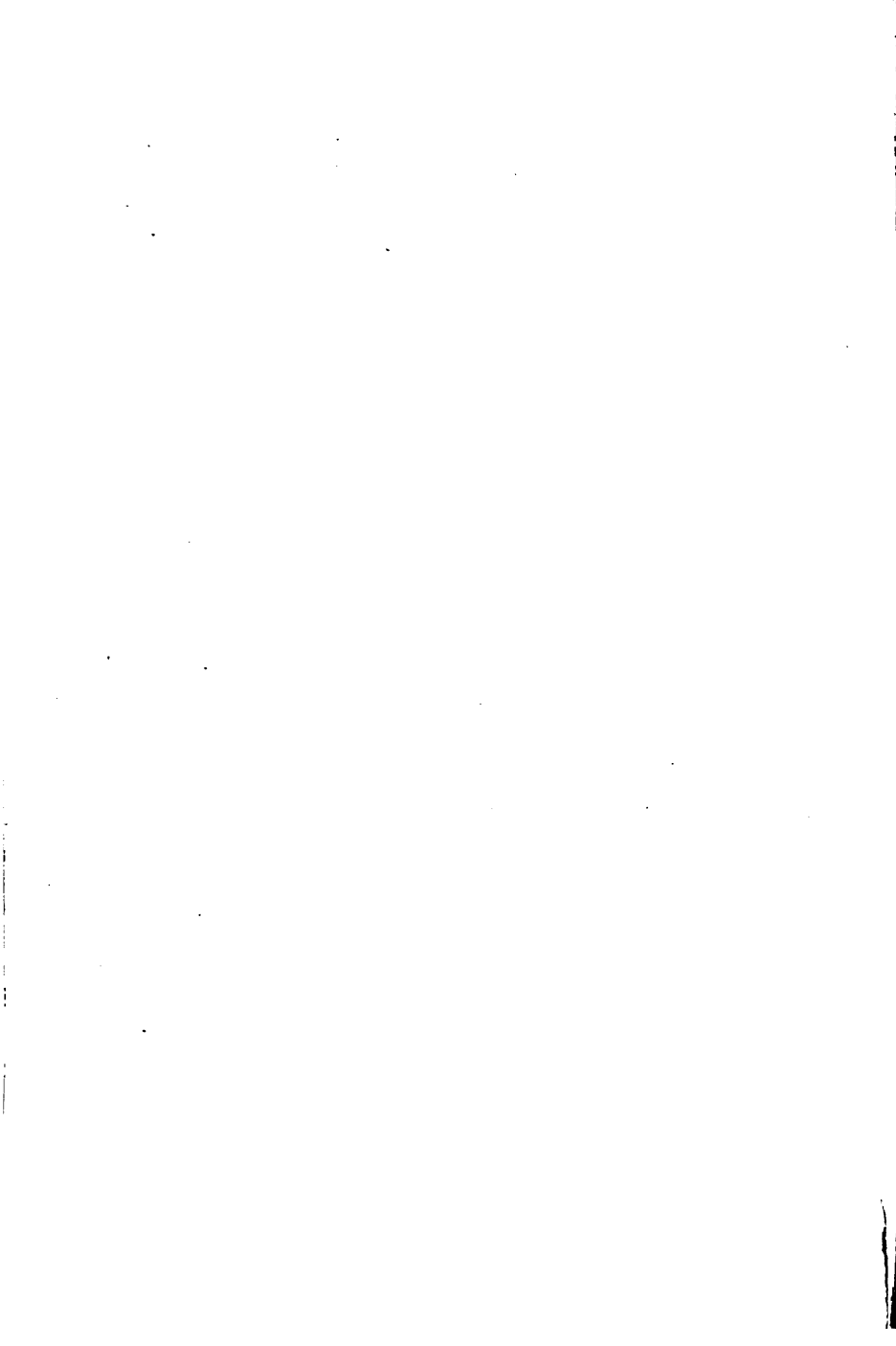
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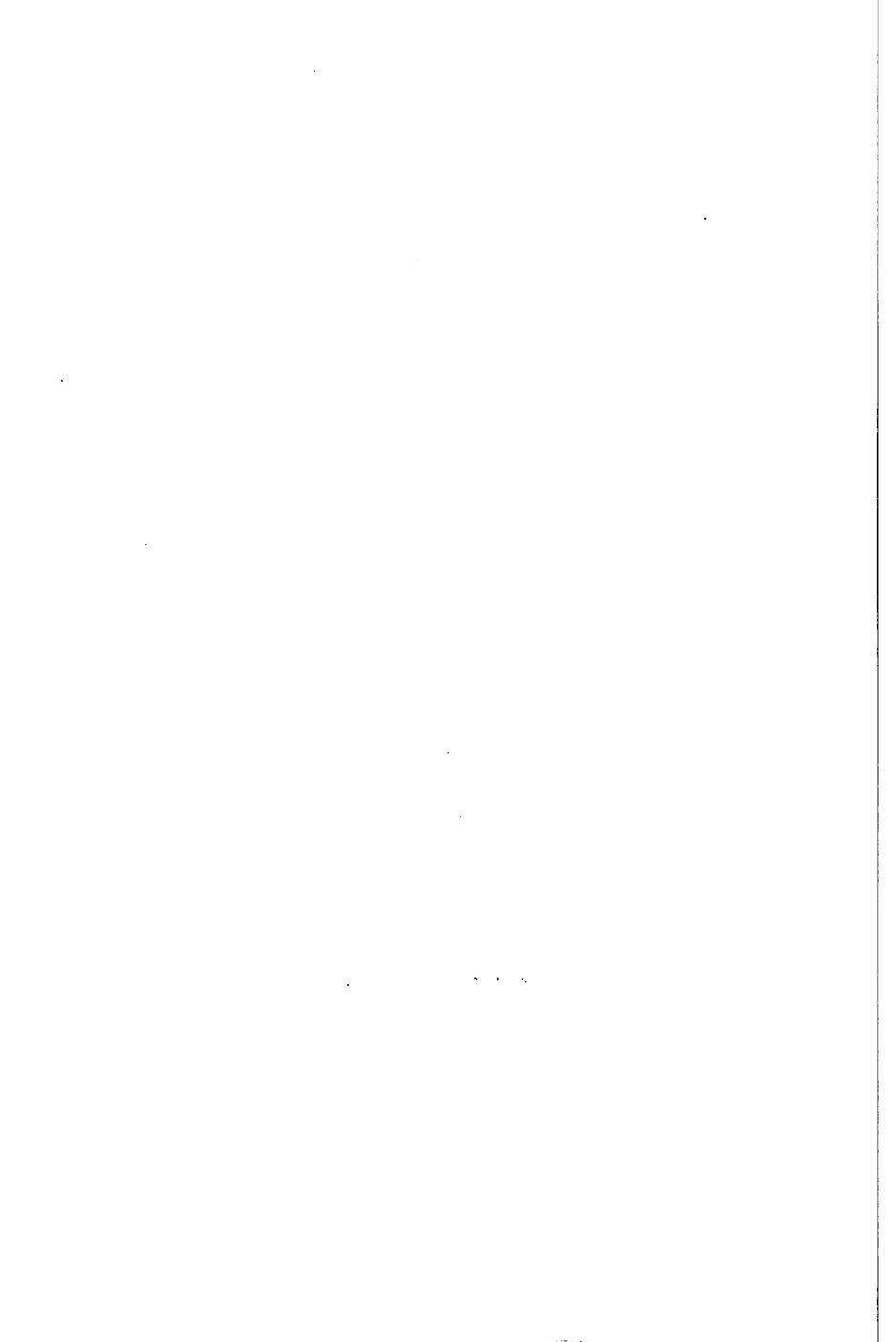
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B. H. Allen at  
Weyford, N. Y.



## BOG-LAND STUDIES



1860-

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# BOG-LAND STUDIES

BY

J. BARLOW

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

NEW YORK

DODD, MEAD AND CO.

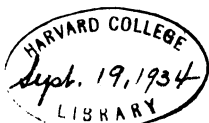
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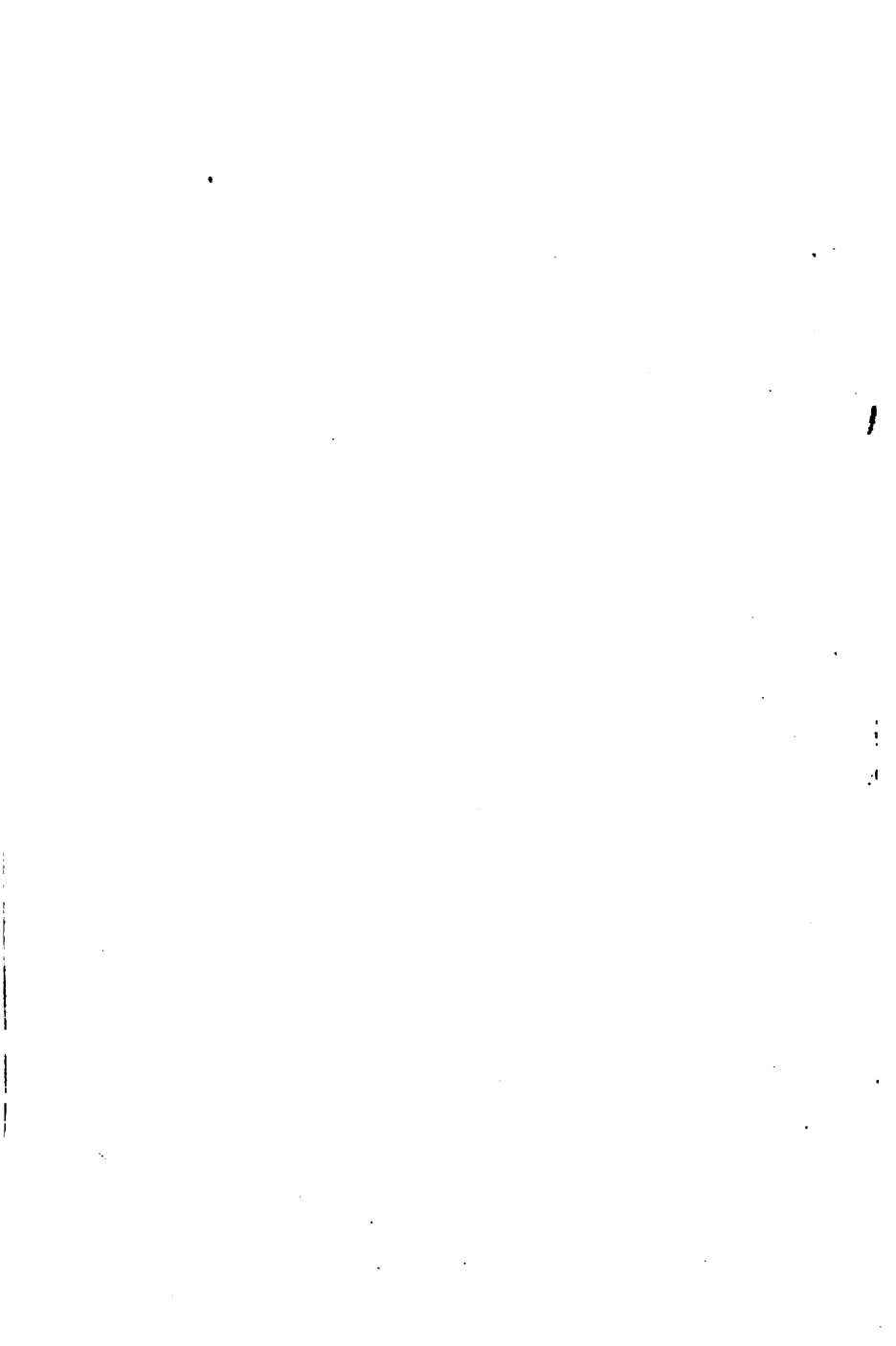
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Prof. G. H. Palmer

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## TH' OULD MASTER

Πῇ δ' ἐθέλεις λέναι πολλὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν  
Μοῦνος ἐὼν ἀγαπητός ;



## TH' OULD MASTER

### I

IT mayn't be so much of a place whin ye reckon  
by land—Inish Fay—

Just a thrifle o' fields and a bog like ; but if ye  
considher the say,

Sure we've lashins an' lavins o' that, spreadin' out  
and away like a floor

To Ratheen at the end of our bay, that's as far as  
ye'll look from your door,

An' that far ye'd scarce look in a week to the  
west, where there isn't, I'm tould,

One dhry step 'twixt yer fut an' the States ;  
sartin 'tis the long waves do come rowled

Same as if they'd set out from the back o' beyant  
an' was thryin' how each  
Could swell up to the sizeablest bigness afore it  
lapt o'er on the beach.  
Ay, we've plenty enough o' the say, an' good luck  
to't; I don't understand  
How the folk keep continted at all that be settled  
far up on the land,  
Out o' reach o' the tides; 'tis like livin' wid never  
a chance to be spied,  
And what use is one's life widout chances? Ye've  
always a chance wid the tide;  
For ye never can tell what 'twill take in its head  
to sthrew round on the shore;  
Maybe dhrift-wood, or grand bits o' boards, that  
comes handy for splicin' an oar;  
Or a crab skytin' back o'er the shine o' the wet—  
sure, whatever ye've found,  
It's a sort o' diversion thim whiles when ye're  
starvin' an' sthreelin' around.

## II

I'd be noways denyin' the say's done ill turns  
on us now and agin ;  
But our bit of an Inish, begorrah, I'll stan' by  
thro' thick an' thro' thin,  
For the pleasant ould times we've had on it is  
more than I'll ever forget,  
And except for th' ould master's misfortins, belike  
we'd be havin' thim yet.  
There was none lived continteder ; he in the Big  
House that's screened from the wind  
Up the hollow, an' ourselves by the shore wid the  
bank lanin' over behind,  
An' the say washin' up to the doors, an' the sod  
runnin' down to our boats,  
Where along o' the weed-dhrifts an' shells there'd  
be grazin' most whiles for the goats ;



And our pratie-dhrills yonder—ochone, not the  
heart-scalds they've been to us since,  
For it's bare-fut th' ould master 'd ha' walked ere  
he'd ask for a poor body's pince,  
If so happen—an' ready enough 'tis to happen—  
a bad saison came.  
He was *that* sort, and young Mither Denis, God  
rest of his soul, was the same.

## III

Yet 'twas just be the raison of him, Mither  
Denis, the throuble began.  
For afore ye'd believe he shot up from a slip of a  
boy to a man ;  
Not his match in the counthry, sez we ; an' th'  
ould master he thought that the lad  
Bet creation, because, ye percaive, it was all o' the  
childher he had,

An' the misthress had died on thim both. So

'twas rael bad luck to befall

When young master tuk into his head to be off

and away from us all,

An' to make of his fortin in 'Sthralia. Och, sure

he'd one made fit an' fine,

But some money they owned, I've heard said, had

got all swallied up in a mine,

An' that gave him the notion ; an' thin there's the

world young chaps fancy to see.

So th' ould master was fairly disthracted, an'

couldn't abide the idee.

And he done all he could to pervint of his goin'

an' coax him to stay,

For he got him the natest half-decker that ever

was sailed in our bay,

An' for huntin' a mare that 'ud frighten the Saints

wid the leps that she'd lep,

A grand baste—but no ha'porth o' use ; Misther

Denis he wouldn't be kep',

An' the sorra a thing good or bad 'ud persuade  
him to bide here contint,  
For he'd clane set his heart upon goin'. An' so  
one fine mornin' he wint.

1

## IV

And we missed him, faith, little an' big, but th'  
ould master he missed him the worst,  
It's a full ten year oulder he looked from that day.  
Howsomedever, at first  
We thried puttin' the best face we could on the  
matter, an' talkin' a dale  
Of how soon he'd be wid us agin ; an' thin letters  
'ud come by the mail  
Wid discripshins of all Misther Denis was seein'  
an' doin' out there,  
An' that cheered him up finely ; an' whiles he'd  
step down where the most of us were,

When we'd sit on the pier afther work, an' 'ud  
read us out bits of his news  
From Austhraly; an' thin we'd get gabbin'  
together like say-gulls an' mews  
Whin they're fishin' an' fightin', of all Misther  
Denis 'ud do out of han'  
Once he come home as rich as a Jew; the good  
stock that he'd put on the lan',  
An' the fields he'd be dhrainin'; bedad, we'd the  
whole of it settled an' planned,  
To the names o' the cows, an' which side o' the  
yard the new cart-shed 'ud stand.  
Why, one night young Pat Byrne an' Joe Murphy  
they set to an' boxed up an' down  
About which o' thim both'd get the job to look  
afther the greyhounds he'd own—  
For we knew Misther Denis 'd be sartin to keep  
an odd few in the place—  
An' th' ould master seemed rael diverted, an' gave  
thim a shillin' apiece.

## V

But thin, it was maybe a couple o' twelve-  
months from whin he set out,  
We began to misdoubt some bad luck, till at last  
we done worse than misdoubt,  
For the throuble crep' closer each day; so I've  
watched a fog dhrift up the shore  
Wipin' out one by one every field glintin' green in  
the sun just before.  
An' to my mind that throuble's the worst, whin  
the time keeps jog-throttin' along,  
An' because nothin' happens at all, ye get certiner  
somethin's gone wrong.  
For if grief's to befall ye, I'd liefer 'twould lape  
on ye suddint when laste  
Ye expect, an' grip hould o' your heart like some  
nathural sort o' wild baste,

Than come slitherin' by like a snake, an' be  
prickin' your fut wid its sting  
That 'ill send the death crawlin' in could thro' your  
limbs. But 'twas just such a thing  
Wid the young master's letters. For, first time  
one missed, all we said was the post  
Had delayed it belike; an' next mail-day we  
said one might aisy be lost  
Comin' that far; an' time an' agin we'd be sayin':  
'Och, musha, if aught  
Would ha' happint him, some one'd ha' wrote fast  
enough wid the news'; but we thought  
It was quare. Till at last we were dhruv to  
believe that he'd surely been tuk  
Wid some fever, or met wid a hurt, and be  
thravellin' far off, be bad luck,  
And had died all alone, wid the sorra a friend to  
be sendin' home word;  
Or what else was the raison that year after year  
tale nor tidings we heard?

## VI

But it come cruel hard on th' ould master, for,  
livin' so lonesome an' quite,  
He'd got naught to be takin' his mind off the  
throuble by day or by night.  
An' he wouldn't let on he thought bad o' the  
matter ; an' yet all the same,  
He'd be off wid himself in the boat to the town  
every mornin' that came,  
Like enough wid no chance in the world o' the  
mail bein' in, as he knew ;  
But he'd set Widdy Doyle at the office a-sortin'  
the letter-bags thro',  
An' stan' watchin' as if one 'ud make all the differ  
'twixt Heaven and Hell ;  
An' it never was Heaven ; for always there'd be  
the same story to tell :

'No, there's nought for your Honor this day.'

An' he stopped himself goin' at last,

And 'ud send the boys over, but, och, ere ye'd  
think they'd ha' fairly got past

Inish Greine, half ways back, he'd be thrampin'  
the pier lookin' out for the boat,

In a down-pour, mayhap, wid the win' fit to  
blusther the nap off his coat ;

An' 'twas : 'Sorra a thing for your Honor.'—

Ochone, every sowl in the place

Would be heart-vexed to see him creep home be  
himself wid that news in his face.

## VII

Sure, 'tis waitin' an' hopin' that keep ye tor-  
mented. It's aisy to say :

'Och, I'll put the thoughts out o' me head ; I'll  
not hope it no more from this day' ;



But next minute, the same as a spark that ye  
think ye've throd under your heel,  
It flares up, an' flares out, an', begorrah, it laves  
you a desolit feel.

I remember one day we made sure there was  
news, for the boat we espied  
Wid the boys rowin' mad, fit to reave the ould  
thole-pins clear out of her side,  
An' Long Mick, the big fool, lettin' bawls in the  
bows, and a-wavin' the bag,  
'Cause a velopy'd come wid a sthrange-coloured  
stamp, an' they'd settled to brag  
'Twas from 'Sthralia. An', there, when th' ould  
master had tore it wid his hands all a-shake,  
It was merely some blathers in print o' the fortins  
a body could make  
On the railroads in France ; an' that mornin' there  
wasn't a word of abuse  
That we didn't be givin' the omadhaun Mick—  
but, sure, where was the use?

So the years slipt away an' away, an' no news to  
 be had good or ill ;  
 But it's more than the years, I'll go bail, did be  
 dhrivin' th' ould master down-hill ;  
 'Twas the wond'rin', an' wishin', an' frettin' that  
 whitened the hair on his head,  
 When 'twas black as a crow, an' that stooped him,  
 when sthraight as a soldier he'd tread.

VIII

An' the last time he ever come down on the  
 beach was a dhreary wild day  
 In the could heart o' March, whin the win' keeps  
 a keen like a dog gone asthray,  
 An' the sun 'ill let on to be shinin' wid no taste of  
 heat in it yet,  
 An' the world seems swep' empty an' waitin' for  
 somethin' it never 'ill get.

So th' ould master come mopin' along where me  
boat was heeled up on the sands,  
An' sat down wid his hands on the top of his  
stick, an' his chin on his hands ;  
Och, it's feeble, an' fretted, an' lonesome he looked  
as he stared o'er the gleam  
O' the say ; an' sez he to me : ' Connor, I'm  
thinkin' th' ould Inish 'ill seem  
Quare enough whin there's ne'er an O'Neil on't,  
an' we afther ownin' it all  
For these hundrids o' years.' An' : ' Yer Honor,'  
sez I, ' that's not like to befall  
In these hundrids o' years comin' by.' But sez he  
wid a shake of his head :  
' Troth, 'twill happen as soon as I quit ; for since  
he—they've no hope but he's dead—  
To the sorra an O'Neil Inish Fay's bound to go ;  
'tis me uncle's son's son,  
That lives over the wather. He'd plenty, he'd  
plenty—an' I'd but the one,

Little news I've e'er heard o' thim all, an' that  
little no good. I misdoubt  
He'll be playin' the Divil's game here, an' be  
turnin' me poor people out:  
Sure ye'll mind Mither Denis'd ha' ne'er thried  
that trade? He *would* go, man, would go—  
But in troth it's hard lines on yous all.' An' sez  
I to meself: 'It is so;  
It's hard lines ne'er to know from one day to the  
other who'll be ownin' ye next,  
Whether folks that be kind-like an' wait or a  
grabbin' ould naygur that's vext  
Till he's got the thatch burnt o'er your head, an'  
the walls battered down round your hearth;  
'Tis the same as if God an' the Divil tuk turns  
to be ownin' the earth';  
So thinks I to meself. But, och musha, who'd  
go to be sayin' a word  
Might disthress the poor master thim times?  
And sez I: 'Wid the help o' the Lord,

Div'l a sowl save your Honor's own self'll get the  
chance to be thratin' us hard  
For this great while. An' happen your Honor'd  
step round now by Gallaher's yard,  
For his pigs is a sight to behold.' An' sez he:  
'Well, to-morrow I might—  
But to-day—it's 'most time I turned home.' The  
Saints shield him, 'twas clear as the light  
That he hadn't the heart to be carin' for aught  
'neath the sun, here or there.  
An' he off wid him home to his big empty house ;  
an' to-morrow came ne'er.

## IX

Howsomedever, afore very long, oft enough one  
'ud say to oneself  
'Twas belike better luck afther all that th' ould  
master was laid on the shelf,

Than to have him about and around gettin'  
    plagued wid the quareness o' things ;  
For the saisons that come bet the worstest of all  
    the wet summers an' springs  
In the lenth o' me life. Och bad cess to the  
    could an' the snow an' the win',  
Wid the storms an' the mists an' the polthogues  
    o' rain the week out an' week in,  
An' the oats bet to bruss wid the hail, an' the  
    bastes starved or dyin' outright,  
Until afther the thundher in June, all the praties  
    were sthruck wid the blight,  
As ye couldn't misdoubt if ye wint thro' the  
    fields. But th' ould master, ye see,  
Keepin' close in the house all that while, 'cause  
    he said he'd the gout in his knee—  
Tho' 'twas liker the grief at his heart—he'd no  
    notion what ruin was in't ;  
An' so, liefer than have him annoyed, it's the  
    greatest ould lies we'd invint.

For we tould him the harvest and all was as fine  
as a farmer could wish ;

An' o' times when the most we could do was to  
sort him a sizeable dish

O' sound praties to serve wid his dinner, we'd  
say that but seldom afore

Such a crop had been dug on the Inish ; an',  
certin, that lie was no more

Than the truth ; for 'twas worse than the worst.

But one mornin' he tuk to declare

He was sure that the blight was about, for he'd  
noticed the scent on the air ;

An' we thought he'd find out on us thin ; but we  
swore it was merely a heap

Of haulms rottin' ; and afther that day we'd the  
sinse to be careful to keep

A big bonfire o' rubbish alight, if the win' was  
that way, close at hand,

So he'd smell on'y smoke ; an', the praise be to  
goodness, we chated him grand.

And ourselves would be boilin' the weed, off the  
rocks, that 's the quare ugly thrash,  
All the boilin' in wather an' fire 'll make no more  
than a bitter bad brash ;  
Just to keep o' the sowl in your body, where  
every one keeps it that can,  
Tho' 't might aisy lodge better outside, if we knew  
but the lie o' the lan'.  
Thin the summer dhreeped off into autumn, the  
same as a soaked sod o' turf  
Smoulders black ere it flickers a flame ; an' the  
storms came wid say-waves an' surf  
Ragin' wild up the beach ; an' the nights long an'  
dark, an' the days cold and dhrear,  
An' we thinkin' besides that th' ould master 'ud  
scarcely last out the ould year.  
Och, I never remimbered whin things on the  
Inish seemed lookin' so black,  
For 'twas ugly the winter 'ud be, wid a cruel  
hungry spring at its back.



## X

But far on in the last of October, the news  
that come suddint one morn  
Nearly dhruv us deminted wid joy ; 'twas too  
good to be true we'd ha' sworn,  
On'y somehow the Divil himself scarce seemed  
divil enough to go plot  
Such a thrick on th' ould master as that ; if he  
would, he deserves all he's got.  
'Twas a letter, no less, from young master him-  
self, wrote the next day but one  
From where else on the earth save ould Dublin, in  
reach 'twixt two shines o' the sun ;  
And ourselves had made sure we might thra-  
vel the world, an' his grave all we'd find  
At its farthest—'twas grand. An' the letter  
explained how he'd made up his mind

That th' ould master was gone. For some folk  
comin' sthrait from this counthry, they said,  
Havin' hould of the story's wrong end, that O'Neil  
o' the Inish was dead—

Inish Fay—no mistake could be in it at all at all  
—every one knew.

An' thin poor Misther Denis got desprit, not  
doubtin' the throuble was true ;

For it happint the sweetheart he had wint an'  
died on him too, an' he thought

All his life was disthroyed, an' the rest just a  
rubbish that mattered for nought.

So he joined wid a party explorin' some big  
lonely hills afther gould,

An' they sted there I dunno how long, till the  
fortins they made was untould ;

But whin once he got back among people, by  
chance the first thing he heard tell

Was how folks home from Connaught were sayin'  
his father was livin' an' well.

An' wid that he slipt into a boat that by luck was  
just puttin' to say,  
Never waitin' to write by the wires. An' belike  
he'd be here the next day.

## XI

Whiles I've seen a big elm-tree the storm's  
after blowin' clane out o' the ground,  
That lay stark where it fell all the long winter  
thro', till the spring-time came round,  
An' the twigs on its boughs in the grass 'ud be  
greenin' wid leaf-buds an' shoots  
Same as if they were wavin' above ; but one knew  
it was up by the roots,  
An' the life dyin' out of it. That's what I thought  
on whinever I seen  
How th' ould master cheered up wid the news.  
He that wouldn't ha' cared a thraneen

If they 'd tould him his best cow was dead, or say-  
wather had boiled wid his tay,

He was askin' for this an' for that, an' discoorsin'  
and orderin' away ;

An' remimb'rin' whate'er Misther Denis was plased  
wid in th' ould times long sin' :

' Lest he'll find things amiss here to-morrow,' sez  
he, ' whin we have him agin.'

Yet he scarce could set one fut 'fore t' other, tho'  
for pleasure he couldn't keep quite ;

An' we thought, sure, young master'd find more  
gone amiss than he'd aisy set right.

But the first thing th' ould master'd go do, was  
to send the boys over beyant

Wid a boat-load of orders for aught he could think  
Misther Denis might want—

Ale, an' baccy, an' cheese, an' the round little cakes  
that he liked wid his wine,

And a rug for his room that the rats had ate up  
into ravel's o' twine ;

And a couple o' chairs, 'cause the rest had got  
burnt by some manner o' manes

When the girls would be short o' dhry sticks for  
the fires ; an' some glass for the panes

That was out of his windy since ever the cord had  
gev way wid a smash ;

And his tongs had been broke in two halves, so  
they used it for proppin' the sash—

And I dunno what else all besides. But before  
we expected thim home,

They were roarin' like bulls up the beach wid the  
news Misther Denis was come.

For who else but himself had they met on the  
quays, safe an' sound, on'y grown

Somethin' oulder ; white sthrakes in his hair—

' Och,' we sez, ' let that story alone :

Where'd the lad get white hairs on his head ?'—

And he'd bid thim be rowin' back sthraight,

And himself 'ud be over and afther thim soon, for  
he had but to wait

Till his thraps were on board. There was news !  
Howsome'er we agreed 'twould be best  
To tell nought for a while to th' ould master, who 'd  
gone to his room for a rest,  
Or he 'd likely enough get his death standin' round  
in the could out o' doors ;  
So we settled to call him whenever we heard the  
first crake o' the oars.

## XII

Just a still misty day wid no shadow or shine  
was that same Holy Eve ;  
Not a breath on the smooth o' the say, on'y now  
an' agin a soft heave  
Swellin' up here an' there, as ye 'll see in a sheet  
spread to blaich by the hedge,  
That keeps risin' an' fallin' as oft as a breeze creeps  
in under the edge.

Yet, as still as it was, we well knew that thim  
heaves was a sure sign o' win'

On its way ; an' we all were a-wishin' the boat 'ud  
make haste an' come in ;

But we watched an' we wished till nigh sunset, an'  
never the sound of a pull,

Till at last, dhrifted in from the west, came the fog  
like a fleece o' sheep's wool

Sthreeled down low on the wather, an' hidin' away  
whatsoever it passed

In its sthreeelin' ; and all of a minute, out some-  
where behind it, a blast

Lep' up howlin' an' rushin' an' flustherin' thro' it,  
an' dhrivin' it on,

Till afore we knew rightly 'twas comin', it's every-  
thin' else seemed clane gone.

For your eyes was 'most blinded wid spray, an' the  
win' deaved your ears wid its roar,

Not a step could ye look past the foam that seethed  
white to your fut on the shore ;

Sure ye couldn't ha' tould but the Inish was left  
in the wide world alone,  
Just set down be itself in the midst of a mist and  
a great dhreary moan.

## XIII

An' the thought of us each was the boat ; och,  
however 'd she stand it at all,  
If she'd started an hour or two back, an' been  
caught in the thick o' that squall ?  
Sure it's lost she was, barrin' by luck it so chanced  
she'd run under the lee  
O' Point Bertragh or Inish Lonane ; an' 'twas liker  
the crathurs 'ud be  
Crossin' yonder the open, wid never a shelter, but  
waves far an' wide  
Rowlin' one on the other till ye'd seem at the fut  
of a mad mountain-side.



An' the best we could hope was they'd seen that  
the weather'd be turnin' out quare,  
An' might, happen, ha' settled they wouldn't come  
over, but bide where they were.

Yet, begorrah! 'twould be the quare weather entirely,  
as some of us said,

That 'ud put Mither Denis off aught that he'd  
fairly tuk into his head.

Thin Tim Duigan sez: 'Arrah, lads, whisht! afther  
sailin' thro' oceans o' say,

Don't tell *me* he's naught better to do than get  
dhrowned in our dhrop of a bay.'

An' the words were scarce out of his mouth, whin  
hard by, thro' a dhrift o' the haze,

The ould boat we beheld sthrivin' on in the storm  
—och the yell we did raise!

An' it's little we yelled for, bedad! for, next  
instant, there under our eyes,

Not a couple o' perch from the pier-end, th' ould  
baste she must take an' capsize.

## XIV

Och ! small blame to thim all if we 'd never seen  
sight of a one o' thim more,  
Wid the waves thumpin' thuds where they fell,  
like the butt-ends o' beams on a door ;  
An' the black hollows whirlin' between, an' the  
dhrift flyin' over thim thick,  
'S if the Divil had melted down Hell, an' was  
stirrin' it up wid a stick.  
But it happint the wave that they met wid was  
flounderin' sthraight to the strand,  
An' just swep' thim up nate on its way, till it set  
thim down safe where the sand  
Isn't wet twice a twelvemonth, no hurt on thim  
all, on'y dhrippin' an' dazed.  
And one come to his feet nigh me door, where  
that mornin' me heifer had grazed.

An', bedad ! 'twas himself, Misther Denis, stood  
    blinkin' an' shakin' the wet  
From his hair : 'Hullo, Connor !' sez he, 'is it you,  
    man ?' He'd never forget  
One he'd known. But I'd hardly got hould of  
    his hand, an' was wishin' him joy,  
Whin, worse luck, he looked round an' he spied  
    Widdy Sullivan's imp of a boy,  
That a wave had tuk off of his feet, an' was floatin'  
    away from the beach,  
And he screechin' an' sthretchin' his arms to be  
    saved, but no help was in reach.  
An' as soon as the young master he seen it, he  
    caught his hand out o' me own :  
'Now, stand clear, man,' sez he, 'would ye have  
    me be lavin' the lad there to dhrown ?'  
An' wid that he throd knee-deep in foam-swirls.  
    Ochone ! but he gev us the slip,  
Runnin' sheer down the black throat o' Death, an'  
    he just afther 'scapin' its grip.

For the wild says come flappin' an' boomin' an'  
smotherin' o'er him, an' back

In the lap o' their ragin' they swep' him as light  
as a wisp o' brown wrack.

An' they poundin' the rocks like sledge-hammers,  
an' clatterin' the shingle like chains ;

Ne'er the live sowl they'd let from their hould till  
they'd choked him or bet out his brains,

Sure an' certin. And in swung a wave wid its  
welthers o' wather that lept

Wid the roar of a lion as it come, an' hissed low  
like a snake as it crept

To its edge, where it tossed thim, the both o' thim.

Och ! an' the little spalpeen

Misther Denis had gript be the collar, he jumped  
up the first thing we seen,

While young master lay still—not a stir—he was  
stunned wid a crack on the head—

Just a flutter o' life at his heart—but it's kilt he  
was, kilt on us dead.

## XV

An' so that was the end of it all. An' the  
sorrowful end tubbe sure,  
Whin our luck was turned back into throuble no  
power in creation could cure.  
There he lay, 'twixt the sod an' the foam, wid the  
spray flingin' sparkles in the sun,  
For the storm had throoped off in a hurry, contint  
wid what mischief was done,  
An' the last o' the day in the west from a chink o'  
clear gold on the rim  
Sent low rays slantin' red o'er the fall o' the say  
to the white face of him  
That was still as the image asleep o' the lad we'd  
remimbered so long ;  
Never oulder a day in those years. An' ourselves  
standin' round in a throng

Kep' a clack like the gulls overhead that were  
flickerin' the light wid their wings,  
And as much wit in one as the other. Och! sure  
there's no grief but it brings  
Friends to thravel its road. For while yet we  
were feelin' his hands stiff'nin' could,  
An' were sayin' the fine winsome lad, an' the heart-  
break it was to behold,  
Comes ould Peggy, the housekeeper, throttin' to  
say that th' ould master had woke,  
And had sent her to thry was there news. News?  
It seemed like the Divil's own joke.  
An' what ailed him to wake? He'd a right to  
ha' slep', wid that news at his door,  
Till the world's end. 'Is't news ye'd be afther?'  
sez Mick. 'Ay, there's news here galore;  
But it's news that I wouldn't be tellin' while e'er  
I've a tongue in me head;  
I'd as lief stick a knife in his heart, an' he lyin'  
asleep on his bed.'

An' sez Gallaher : ' Musha, what need to be tellin'  
him yet? Better send  
For his Riverence beyant that consoles ye whin  
throuble's past hopin' to mend.  
An' till thin there might some one step up an' let  
on nothing'd happint below,  
To contint him.' An' we all thought the same,  
an' yet no one was wishful to go ;  
For we feared he might somehow get hould o' the  
truth. Then me brother, sez he :  
' Sure here's Pat, it's colloquin' a dale wid th' ould  
master he is '—manin' me—  
' He's the man to be sendin' ; forby he'll tell lies  
be the dozen as fast  
As a dog throts, will Pat.' So they talked till  
they had me persuaded at last ;  
And I thraped off up to the House. God for-  
give me, each step that I wint,  
I was schemin' the quarest onthruths I could  
throuble me mind to invint.

## XVI

But I tould him the sorra a one, as ye'll see ;  
'twas no doin' o' mine.  
For whin into his room I was come, that seemed  
dark, passin' out o' the shine  
O' the sunset just glimmerin' around yet, th' ould  
master laned up where he lay  
Aftther takin' a bit of a rest on the bed, for the  
most o' that day  
He'd been creepin' about to get everythin' readied  
up dacint 'gin e'er  
The young master was home. Goodness help  
him, it's time he'd enough an' to spare ;  
No more need to be hurryin' for that than for  
Doomsday, if on'y he'd guessed—  
I was sayin', whin I'd knocked at his door, an'  
slipped in to decaive him me best,



It's beyant an' forby me his eyes kep' on gazin'  
an' shinin'; I thought

Mayhap some one was follyin' behind me, but  
whin I looked round I seen nought,

Ne'er a sowl save meself, that I dunna believe he  
tuk heed on at all.

An' sez he: 'Och, thin, Denis, me lad, so ye're  
here? Why, the step in the hall

Sounded strange-like; and I to be listenin', an'  
never to think it was you.

But, in troth, till ye stood in me sight, I'd no aisier  
believe me luck true

Than if sthraight ye were come from the Dead.

For the time, lad, wint wonderful slow,

An' it seems like the lenth o' me life since ye left  
us this great while ago;

An' sure only to look down a long lenth o' time  
sthrikes the could to your heart,

Let alone whin the days sthretch away, each like  
each, an' nought keeps thim apart

Save the nights, when ye sleep scarce enough for  
a dhrame that as soon as ye wake

Sets ye grievin'. Thim whiles there's no end to  
the notions an ould body'll take—

And I larned, livin' lonesome, 'twas ould I had  
grown. If I tould ye the half

O' what all I was vexed wid supposin' an' dhreadin',  
ye couldn't but laugh.

On'y one thing I've settled, no laughin' about it,  
but certin an' sure :

I'll not lose ye that long, lad, agin, for it's more  
than me mind can endure.

True enough, ye're but young in your life, and it's  
best maybe's waitin' unknown

Worlds away from our bit of an Inish ; all's one,  
ye'll ne'er quit it alone,

For there's plenty no younger than me must be  
rovin' as ould as they are—

It's together we'll go, you and I, lad, next time  
that ye're thravellin' so far.

Ay, together,' sez he. An' wid that come two wails  
o' the wind, an' between  
Sthruck a cry that was wailed by no win'; 'twas  
the girls below raisin' a keen ;  
But he laned his head back lookin' plased an' con-  
tint ; an' they kep' keenin' on.  
They were keenin' for more than they meant all  
the while, for th' ould master was gone.

## XVII

So I'd sorra a hand in the matter meself, I may  
truly declare.  
'Twas th' Almighty's own notion that night to  
decaive him, if decaivin' it were.  
So whatever misfortins th' ould master experienced,  
I hould in a way  
He'd the bettermost sort o' bad luck—an' that's  
somethin'—because ye may say

His worst throuble as good as ne'er chanced him ;  
ne'er come to his hearin' or sight,  
And a hurt that ye feel unbeknownst, as the sayin'  
is, is apt to be light.  
An' bedad he's well out of it all ; it's ourselves  
have the raison to grieve  
While the say meets the shore for what happint  
this Inish that black Holy Eve.  
But I'll whisht ; for I'm thinkin' when things have  
determined to run to the bad,  
There's no use in discoorsin' an' frettin' save on'y  
to dhrive yourself mad ;  
Since the storms, or the blight, or the rint comes  
agin one wherever one goes,  
Till one takes the last turnin'. An' thin if it's true,  
as some people suppose,  
Better luck follows thim that are lavin' than thim  
that are bidin' behind—  
Sure it's off ye'll slip one o' these days, an' what  
need to be throublin' your mind ?



WALLED OUT  
OR, ESCHATOLOGY IN A BOG

*Οὐκ ὕναρ, ἀλλ' ὅπαρ ἐσθλὸν δ τοι τετελεσμένον ἔσται ;*



WALLED OUT  
OR, ESCHATOLOGY IN A BOG

I

IN last September it was, whin the weather 'll  
be mostly grand,  
Wid the sunshine turnin' the colour o' corn all over  
the land,  
An' the two young gintlemen came to shoot wid  
their guns an' their dogs,  
A-thrampin' just for divarsion about the hills an'  
the bogs.  
And I thramped afther thim, tho' it's little divarsion  
I had,  
Carryin' the baskits an' all; but sure it's meself  
was glad



To earn the shillin's at sunset, an' iligant loonch  
be the way ;  
Mate, an' bread, an' a dhrop to dhrink—ye needed  
no more that day.  
For, tho' 'twas thick o' the harvest, down here the  
bogs an' the hills  
Lave on'y narrow slips o' fields for the furrows an'  
pratie dhrills ;  
Terrible quick they 're raped an' dug ; but what  
should the farmer do ?  
If there's on'y work for wan, he can't find wages  
for two.

## II

An' wanst we were restin' a bit in the sun on the  
smooth hillside,  
Where the grass felt warm to your hand as the  
fleece of a sheep, for wide

As ye 'd look overhead an' around, 'twas all a-blaze  
and a-glow,

An' the blue was blinkin' up from the blackest  
bog-holes below ;

An' the scent o' the bogmint was sthrong on the  
air, an' never a sound

But the plover's pipe that ye'll seldom miss by a  
lone bit o' ground.

An' he laned—Misther Pierce—on his elbow, an'  
stared at the sky as he smoked,

Till just in an idle way he sthretched out his hand  
an' sthroked

The feathers o' wan of the snipe that was kilt an'  
lay close by on the grass ;

An' there was the death in the crathur's eyes like  
a breath upon glass.

An' sez he : ' It's quare to think that a hole ye  
might bore wid a pin

'Ill be wide enough to let such a power o' dark-  
ness in

On such a power o' light ; an' it's quarer to think,'  
sez he,

' That wan o' these days the like is bound to  
happen to you an' me.'

Thin Misther Barry, he sez : ' Musha, how's wan  
to know but there's light

On t'other side o' the dark, as the day comes  
afther the night ?'

An' ' Och,' sez Misther Pierce, ' what more's our  
knowin'—save the mark—

Than guessin' which way the chances run, an' thinks  
I they run to the dark ;

Or else agin now some glint of a bame 'd ha' come  
slithered an' slid ;

Sure light's not aisy to hide, an' what for should  
it be hid ?'

Up he stood wid a sort o' laugh ; ' If on light,' sez  
he, ' ye're set,

Let's make the most o' this same, as it's all that  
we're like to get.'

## III

Thim were his words, as I minded well, for  
often afore an' sin'  
The 'dintical thought 'ud bother me head that  
seemed to bother him thin ;  
An' many 's the time I 'd be wond'rin' whatever it  
all might mane,  
The sky, an' the lan', an' the bastes, an' the rest  
o' thim plain as plain,  
And all behind an' beyant thim a big black  
shadow let fall ;  
Ye'll sthrain the sight out of your eyes, but there  
it stands like a wall.  
' An' there,' sez I to meself, 'we 're goin' wherever  
we go,  
But where we'll be whin we git there it's never a  
know I know.'

Thin whiles I thought I was maybe a sthookawn  
to throuble me mind  
Wid sthrivin' to comprehind onnathural things o'  
the kind ;  
An' Quality, now, that have larnin', might know  
the rights o' the case,  
But ignorant wans like me had bettther lave it in  
pace.

## IV

Priest, tubbe sure, an' Parson, accordin' to what  
they say,  
The whole matther's plain as a pikestaff an' clear  
as the day,  
An' to hear thim talk of a world beyant ye'd  
think at the laste  
They'd been dead an' buried half their lives, an'  
had thramped it from west to aist ;

An' who's for above, an' who's for below they've  
as pat as if they could tell

The name of every saint in Heaven an' every  
divil in Hell.

But cock up the likes of themselves to be settlin'  
it all to their taste—

I sez, and the wife she sez I'm no more nor a  
haythin baste—

For mighty few o' thim's rael Quality, musha,  
they're mostly a pack

O' playbians, each wid a tag to his name an' a  
long black coat to his back ;

An' it's on'y romancin' they are belike ; a man  
must stick be his trade,

An' *they* git their livin' by lettin' on they know  
how wan's sowl is made.

And in chapel or church they're bound to know  
somethin' for sure, good or bad,

Or where'd be the sinse o' their preachin' an'  
prayers an' hymns an' howlin' like mad ?

So who'd go mindin' o' thim? barrin' women, in  
coorse, an' wanes,

That believe 'most aught ye tell thim, if they  
don't understand what it manes—

Bedad, if it worn't the nathur o' women to want  
the wit,

Parson an' Priest I'm a-thinkin' might shut up  
their shop an' quit.

But, och, it's lost an' disthacted the crathurs 'ud  
be widout

Their bit o' divarsion on Sundays whin all o' thim  
gits about,

Cluth'rin' an' plutth'rin' together like hins, an' a-  
roostin' in rows,

An' meetin' their frins an' their neighbours, an'  
wearin' their dacint clothes.

An' sure it's quare that the clergy can't ever  
agree to keep

Be tellin' the same throe story, sin' they know  
such a won'erful heap;

For many a thing Priest tells ye that Parson sez  
is a lie,

An' which has a right to be wrong, the divil a  
much know I,

For all the differ I see 'twixt the pair o' thim'd  
fit in a nut :

Wan for the Union, an' wan for the League, an'  
both o' thim bitther as sut.

But Misther Pierce, that's a gintleman born, an'  
has college larnin' and all,

There he was starin' no wiser than me where the  
shadow stands like a wall.

## v

An' soon afther thin, it so happint, things grew  
so contráry an' bad,

I fell to wond'rin' a dale if beyant there's aught  
betther at all to be had ;



For the blacker this ould world looks, an' the  
more ye're bothered an' vexed,

The more ye'll be cravin' an' longin' for somethin'  
else in the next ;

While whinever there's little that ails ye, an' all  
goes slither as grase,

Ye don't so much as considher, bedad, if there's  
e'er such a place.

The same as a man comin' home from his work of  
a winther's night,

Whin the wind's like ice, an' the snow an' the  
rain have him perished outright,

His heart'll be set on a good turf blaze up the  
chimney roarin' an' red,

That'll put the life in him agin afore he goes to  
his bed ;

Tho' on summer evenin's, whin soft as silk was  
every breath that wint,

He'd never have axed for a fire, but turned to his  
sleep contint.

## VI

The first thing that wint agin us, an' sure we  
were rale annoyed,  
Was when Smithson, he that 's steward at the Big  
House, he tuk an' desthroyed  
Rexy, our little white dog, that we'd rared from  
no more than a pup,  
For a matther o' four or five year, an' had kep'  
him an' petted him up.  
Huntin' the sheep? If ye'd seen him ye'd know  
they were tellin' a lie,  
Him that wasn't the size of a rabbit, an' wouldn't  
ha' hurted a fly.  
And the frinliest baste, morebetoken, ye'd find in  
a long day's walk,  
An' knowin' an' sinsible, too, as many a wan that  
can talk.

I might come home early or late, yet afore I was  
heard or seen,

He'd be off like a shot an' meet me a dozen perch  
down the boreen ;<sup>1</sup>

An' whiles ye'd be kilt wid laughin', that quare  
wor his ways an' his thricks—

But there he lay stone dead be the gate at the  
back o' Hourigan's ricks ;

For it's creepin' home the crathur was in hopes to  
die near his frins,

On'y he couldn't creep no furdher wid the leg of  
him smashed into splins.

An' och, but the house was lonesome whin we'd  
buried him down be the dyke,

An' the childer bawled thimselves sick, for they  
thought that there wasn't his like ;

An' just this night, comin' up to the door, I was  
thinkin' I'd give a dale

For the sound of his bark, an' the pat of his paws,  
an' the wag of his tail.

<sup>1</sup> A narrow lane with high banks.

## VII

An' thin the winther began, on a suddint it  
seemed, for the trees  
Were flamin' like fire in the wood whin it tuk to  
perish an' freeze ;  
An' thro' your bones like a knife wint the win'  
that come keenin' around,  
An' afther that wid the pours o' rain we were  
fairly dhrowned.  
For the wather'd be runnin' in sthrames beneath  
the step at the door,  
An' t'ould thatch that's thick wid holes let it  
dhrip in pools on the floor,  
Till sorra the fire 'ud burn, wid the peat-sods no  
better than mud,  
Since the stacks thimselves outside seemed  
meltin' away in the flood.

But the worst of it was those times, that, what  
wid the wet an' the frost,  
Ne'er a hand's turn could be done in the fields, so  
wan's wages were lost.  
Many's the week I could scarce git a job from  
wan end to the other,  
An' many's the night they wint hungry to bed,  
both childher an' mother—  
An', begorra, the hardest day's work a man ever  
did is to sit  
Wid his hands before him at home, whin the  
childher haven't a bit.  
Thin the wife tuk sick, an' was mortal bad,  
an' cravin' a dhrink as she lay,  
An' I couldn't so much as git her, the crathur, a  
sup o' tay ;  
An' the floor was says o' mud, an' the house a  
smother o' smoke,  
Till between thim all, begorra, me heart it was  
fairly broke.

## VIII

But I mind wan Sathurday's night, whin we  
just were starved wid the could,  
Me mother, she that we keep, an' that's growin'  
terrible ould,  
All of a heap she was crouched be the hearth  
that was black as your grave,  
For clane gone out was the fire ; and her ould  
head never 'ud lave  
Thrimblin' on like a dhrop o' rain that's ready to  
fall from the row,  
The faster it thrimbles an' thrimbles the sooner  
it is to go.  
And her poor ould hands were thrimblin' as she  
sthretched thim out for the hate,  
For she'd gone too blind to see that there wasn't  
a spark in the grate ;

Nor bit nor sup she'd had but a crust o' dhry  
bread that day,

'Cause our praties had rotted on us, an' we'd had  
to throw thim away ;

An' I knowed she was vexed, for, sure, it's but  
doatin' she is afther all,

And 'ill fret like a child whin she feels that her  
slice is cut skimpy an' small ;

But other whiles she'd be grievin' that we'd not  
got quit of her yet,

An' misdoubtin' we grudged away from the  
childher each morsel she'd get.

An' watchin' her sittin' there, an' rememb'rin'  
the life she'd led,

For me father dhrank, an' she'd throuble enough  
to keep the pack of us fed,

An' never the comfort she'd now, an' she grown  
feeble an' blind—

I couldn't but think 'twas a cruel bad job for such  
as she if behind

The blackness over beyant there was nought but  
could for the could,  
An' dark for the dark—no new world at all to  
make amends for the ould.  
Tho' in troth it 'ud have to be the quarest world  
ye could name  
That 'ud make it worth wan's while to ha' lived  
in the likes o' this same.

## IX

But the dhrame I dhreamt that night was as  
sthange as sthange, for thin  
I thought I had come to a place whose aquil I  
never was in,  
An' nobody'd tould me 'twas out o' this world,  
yet as soon as I came  
Just o' meself I knew it, as people will in a  
dhrame.



An' it looked an iligant counthry, an' all in a  
glimmerin' green,  
The colour o' leaves in the spring, wid a thrimble  
o' mist between ;  
An' the smell o' the spring was in it, but the  
light that sthramed over all  
Was liker the shine of a sunset whin leaves are  
beginnin' to fall.

## X

An' two were talkin' together, that must ha'  
been standin' near,  
Tho' out o' me sight they kep'; an' their voices  
were pleasant to hear.  
An' wan o' them sez to the other: 'It's this I  
don't undherstand,  
The sinse o' this wall built yonder around an'  
about the land'—

An', sure, as he spoke I saw where it glimpsed  
 thro' the boughs close by—  
 'For,' sez he, 'it hides our world, as the thruth is  
 hid be a lie,  
 From every sowl that's alive on the weary earth  
 below,  
 Till ne'er such a place there might be at all, for  
 aught they can know.  
 But grand it 'ud be some mornin' to make it melt  
 off like the haze,  
 An' lave thim a sight o' this land that they're  
 comin' to wan o' these days.  
 For look ye at Ireland, now, where they're just in  
 a desperit state,  
 Wid the people sleepin' on mud, an' wantin' the  
 morsel to ait ;  
 If they knew there was betther in store, I dunno  
 what harm could be in 't,  
 Or what it 'ud do but hearten thim up, an' keep  
 thim a bit contint.'

## XI

Thin t'other: 'Mind you, there's many that's  
new to this place,' sez he,  
'Comes axin' the same as yourself. But considher  
the way it 'ud be.  
For whin wanst we downed wid the wall, an'  
nothin' was left to pervint  
The poor folks yonder beholdin' the grandeur  
we've here fornint,  
An' nearer a dale, belike, than they'd ever ha'  
thought or believed,  
Who are the fools that 'ud stay any more where  
they're throubled an' grieved,  
An' wouldn't be off wid thim here? Why, now,  
whin there's nought but a vast  
O' shadow an' blackness afore him who looks to  
his death an' past,

Why, even so, there's a few comes in that life wid  
its weary work

Has dhruv intirely mad, till they lept to their ends  
in the dark.

'An' in Ireland, sure, this instant, there's crowds  
o' thim sailin' bound

Off to the States an' 'Sthralia, that's half o' the  
whole world round,

Miles an' miles thro' the waves an' storms, an' whin  
they've got there, bedad,

No such won'erful lands, but just where their livin's  
aisier had.

An' it's mostly the young folks go, so the ould do  
be frettin' sore,

For thim that are gone they doubt 'ill come home  
in their time no more ;

An' dhreary as e'er the long winther's night is the  
lonesome summer's day,

Whin there's never a stir in the house, an' the  
childher are over the say.

' And, arrah now, wouldn't it be the worst day  
that ould Ireland has known,  
Whin she 'd waken an' find all the people had  
quitted an' left her alone?  
Never a voice to be heard, or a hover o' smoke to  
be spied,  
An' sorra a sowl to set fut on the green o' the grass  
far an' wide,  
Till the roads ran lone thro' the lan' as the sthrame  
that most desolit flows,  
An' the bastes, sthrayed away in the fields, grew  
as wild as the kites an' the crows,  
An' no wan to care what became o' the counthry  
left starin' an' stark—  
But that 's how 'twould happen if ever we let thim  
look clear thro' the dark.'

## XII

An' the other, sez he : ' Thru for ye ; but what  
seems sthrange to me yet  
Is the notions they 've learned down yonder in spite  
o' this screen ye've set ;  
For there's many hears tell of a pleasant place  
where a man 'ill go whin he dies,  
An' some be that certin sure, ye'd think they'd  
seen it all wid their eyes.'

## XIII

'The raison o' that,' sez he, 'is, we wouldn't let  
thim despair,  
Cliver an' clane, any more than we'd show thim  
the whole of it clear ;

So wanst in a while we've given to some poor  
crathur o' thim

A glimpse at this place, but on'y lapt up in a mist  
like an' dim.

An' as soon as it slips from their sight 'tis dhrowned  
in the darkness deep,

Till sometimes they doubt afther all if 'twas aught  
but a dhrame in their sleep.

An' the rest spy nothin' at all, but they hear from  
the folks that do,

An' they wish it so bad that often they believe  
they believe it's throe.

'But suppose, now, wan that was hungry could  
watch unbeknownst thro' a chink

Where some had a faste preparin', the finest ye  
ever could think,

If he thought he 'd a chance o' the thrate, sure it's  
quiet an' still he 'd wait,

For fear if he came ere they called they 'd be puttin'  
him out of it sthraight,'

## XIV

That's all their discoorse I remember, for thin,  
as sure as I'm born,  
It was Rexy's bark that I heard—no other baste's,  
I'll be sworn :  
And I couldn't tell ye the pleasure I tuk in't, for  
somehow the sound  
Seemed givin' a nathural feel to whatever I seen  
around.  
And I just was thinkin' : ' It's mad wid joy, poor  
Rexy, he'd be if he knew  
There was wan of us come from th' ould place at  
home'—whin, och wirrasthrew,  
All in a minute I opened me eyes where I lay on  
the floor,  
An' the child was keenin' away, an' the wind  
moanin' under the door,



An' the puddle was freezed by the hearth, that  
    hadn't a spark to show,  
An' outside in the could daylight the air was  
    a-flutther wid snow,  
An' the black bank sthraked wid white like the  
    bars on a magpie's wing—  
For sorra a word o' thruth was in't, an' I'd nought  
    but dhramed the thing.

## XV

Sorra a word o' thruth—yet some sez that they've  
    never a doubt  
But there's plenty o' thruth in a dhrame, if ye turn  
    it the right side out :  
An' I mind me mother, wan night she dhreamt of  
    a ship on the say,  
An' next mornin' her Micky, the souldier, came  
    home that was years away.

Thin a notion I have, as I woke, I'd heard wan o'  
thim two inside

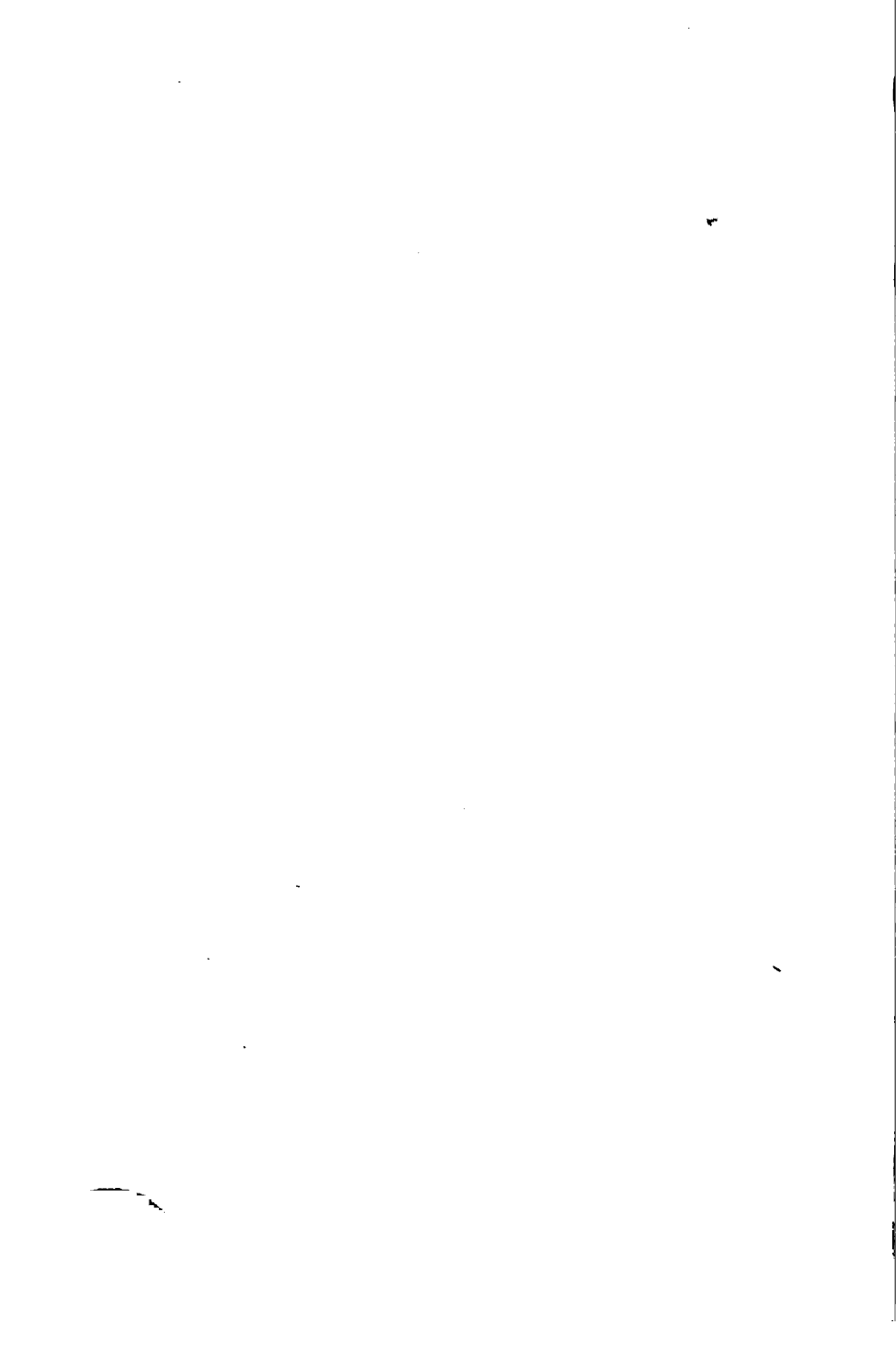
Sayin': 'Sleep, that's the chink for a glimpse, but  
death, that's the door set wide';

An' whin things do be cruel conthráry, wid could  
an' the hunger an' all,

Some whiles I fall thinkin': 'Sure, maybe, it's  
on'y a bit o' their wall.'

So p'rhaps it's a fool that I am, but many's the  
time, all the same,

I sez to meself I'd be wishful for just a dhrame o'  
that dhrame.



LAST TIME AT M'GURK'S  
OR, MICK FLYNN *DE SENECTUTE*

. . . Πολλά μὲν αἱ μακρὰι ἀμέραι κατέθεντο δὴ  
λύπας ἐγγυτέρω, τὰ τέρποντα δ' οὐκ ἂν ἴδοις σπου



LAST TIME AT M'GURK'S  
OR, MICK FLYNN *DE SENECTUTE*

I

BETTHER nor thirty year sin' Barney M'Gurk  
set up  
Here by the ould cross-roads, and, begorra, there's  
many a sup  
I've tuk sittin' snug be the hearth in the corner  
he calls me own,  
For all it's a quare bad custhomer Barney'll ha'  
found me, ochone,  
This long while back, bringin' seldom or never the  
pinny to spind ;  
But Barney M'Gurk isn't wan that 'ud disremem-  
ber a frind.

So many's the warm I've had in the could o' the  
winther's night,  
For he keeps up the grandest o' fires; ye'll see  
the glim of it bright  
Away down the bog; it's the divil to pass be the  
door in the dark,  
Whin ye doubt if at home on the bit o' wet floor  
ye'll find ever a spark.  
And oft o' these summer evenin's I've watched  
how the moon 'ill stale  
O'er yonder black ridge o' Knockreagh like the  
ghost of a little white sail,  
Wid never a beam to her more than a ball o' the  
thistle-down,  
Till she'd drink every dhrop o' the light from the  
breadths o' the air aroun',  
An' shine like a bubble o' silver that swells an'  
swells, an' thin  
Float off thro' the thick o' the stars. But I'll  
never watch her agin.

## II

Barney, he 'd always the luck from the time we  
were on'y gossoons.  
Look at our Band now: I always was terrible  
fond o' the tunes,  
Yet if ever I thried at a note, it's each finger I  
had seemed a thumb,  
While Barney, just git me the lad that 'ud bate  
him at batin' the dhrum,  
Th' ould sargint, who'd soldiered in Agypt an'  
Injy, he swore be his sowl  
There wasn't the rigimint marchin' but he'd aquil  
it rowlin' the rowl.  
Och! it's thim was the great times entirely for  
Barney, an' me, an' the boys,  
An' we kep' the neighbours alive wid the capers we  
had an' the noise,



For there'd scarce be a moonshiny night but we'd  
thramp as far after our Band  
As after the plough in the field whin ye're  
trenchin' an acre o' land.  
Bangin' away, wid the bits o' spalpeens all throt-  
throttin' beside,  
An' wishin' their legs were the lenth to keep step,  
an' the doors flyin' wide  
Wid the girls lookin' out ; an' the moonbeams so  
still on the fields till we come,  
Ye might think all the sounds in the earth had run  
into each boom of our dhrum.

## III

But, throth, I remember the mornin' we started  
for Ballynagraile  
To fetch home ould Andy O'Rourke, who'd a  
twelvemonth in Limerick jail

For fright'nin' the bailiffs—divil mend thim—that  
dhruv off his mare for the tithe,  
And Andy he bid thim begone, or he'd shorten  
their legs wid his scythe.  
So we all were assembled to meet him; ye never  
beheld such a throng,  
Down the lenth o' the sthreet, wid folk standin'  
to see us come marchin' along;  
'Twas as pleasant a mornin' in April as ever shone  
out o' the sky,  
An' the brass of our instruments gleamin' was fit  
to ha' dazzled your eye;  
But the pólis looked cross as the dogs, 'cause they  
couldn't be rights interfere  
To hinder our lads o' their playin'; bedad! an' ye  
felt, whin ye'd hear  
How they wint like the thundher an' lightnin',  
that afther the dhrum an' the fife  
Ye could step to the end o' the world, wid all the  
pleasure in life.

An' close where I waited, I mind, there came  
hobblin' outside of his door  
An ould ancient man, I can't tell ye his name—  
· I'd ne'er seen him before—  
All doubled in two, wid a beard like a fleece, an'  
scarce able to stand,  
For he shook like a bough in the win', tho' he  
laned on a stick in each hand.  
But to notice the glint of his eye, whin they  
sthru'ck up *Saint Pathrick*; bedad,  
If he'd had thim same eyes in his feet, it's a jig  
he'd ha' danced there like mad;  
On'y just the wan minute; for thin he stared  
round, seemin' sth'range to the place,  
Till he turned away back to his door wid a quare  
sort o' look on his face,  
As if he was layin' his hand off o' somethin' he  
liefer 'ud hould,  
An' soft to himself I heard him: 'Sure I'm ould,'  
sez he, 'sure I'm ould.'

## IV

There's some things that run on in your mind  
like a thread that's onevenly spun  
Down your coat-sleeve ; for, afther these years, I  
'most see him stand clear in the sun ;  
But now, be worse luck, I can tell what I couldn't  
ha' tould that day—  
The notion he had in his head, whin he said it  
an' turned away.  
To be ould—sure, considh'rin' the time ye'll  
be growin' so before your own eyes,  
It's quare how whinever ye think o't it seems like  
a sort o' surprise ;  
My belief's that if people were sevinty the very  
first day they were born,  
They'd never git used to it rightly, and if, be odd  
chance, some fine morn

The ouldest ould man in the counthry would find  
whin he wakened that he  
Was a slip of a lad, he'd just feel it the nathur'lest  
thing that could be.  
So it's noways too sthrange if wan's sometimes  
forgittin' awhile how things stand,  
Like the ould chap at Ballynagraile, whin his  
mind was tuk up wid our Band.

## V

But the marchin' around, an' the tunes, an' the  
thricks that the young fellows play,  
'Tisn't thim ye think badly o' missin', at laste on'y  
wanst in a way ;  
For, as far as I know be experience, ye'll mostly  
be plased nigh as well  
If the childher 've their bit o' divarsion the same  
as ye had yoursel' ;

An' your legs get so stiff of an evenin', that afther  
your day's work is done  
Ye're contint wid the full o' your pipe at the door,  
and a sight o' the fun.

It's your work, your day's work ; that's the  
mischief. It's little enough I knew,  
Whin the sun had me scorched to the bone, or the  
win' maybe perished right thro',  
In the field or the bog, as might chance, an' I'd  
think to meself I could wish  
Nought betther than never agin to be loadin' a  
cart or a kish—  
It's little I knew ; for, sure, now, whin I couldn't  
to save o' me soul  
So much just as carry a creel to our heap from  
the next bog-hole,  
The two eyes I'd give out o' me head to be peltin'  
away at it still,  
Mowin' a meadow, or cuttin' the turf, ay, or  
ploughin' up hill.

For I hate to be hearin' the lads turnin' out whin  
the dawn blinks in,  
And I lyin' there like a log wid the sorra a job  
to begin,  
Barrin' helpin' to ait up the praties, an' they none  
too plenty perhaps ;  
Sure, the pig's worther keepin', poor baste, for it's  
fatter he gits on his scraps.  
So at home be the hearth-stone I stick, or I creep  
up an' down be the wall,  
An' the day feels as long as a week, an' there  
seems no sinse in it all.

## VI

And in throth I've no call to be laid on the shelf  
yet, as ould as I be :  
There's Thady O'Neill up above, that's a year or  
so senior to me,

An' passin' his meadow just now, I seen it was  
mowin', and bedad,

There's himself in it stoopin' away as limber an'  
soople as a lad.

An' the Widdy Maclean, that was married afore I  
was three fut high,

She'll thramp her three mile to the town every  
market day that comes by.

'Twas the fever, last Lent was a twelvemonth,  
disthroyed me ; I'm fit for nought since.

The way of it was : Our ould cow had sthrayed off  
thro' the gap in the fence,

An' Long Daly he met me an' tould me. Sez he :

' An' ye'll need to make haste,

If it's dhry-fut ye'd find her this night.' For away  
o'er the hills to the aist

The hail-showers were slantin' in sthrakes ; an'  
thin wanst clane across wid a swipe

Wint the lightnin'. An' : ' Look-a,' sez he, ' there's  
Saint Pether a-kindlin' his pipe ;



That 'ill take a good sup to put out.' An', thrue  
for him, he'd scarce turned his back,  
Whin it settled to polther an' pour, an' the sky  
overhead grew as black  
As the botthomless pit; not a stim could I see,  
nor a sight o' the baste,  
But, sthravadin' about in the bog, I slipped into a  
hole to me waist,  
An' was never so nigh dhrownin' dead, forby bein'  
dhrenched to the skin;  
So I groped me way home thro' the dark in the  
teeth of a freezin' win'.  
An' next mornin' I couldn't move finger nor fut,  
all me limbs were that sore,  
And I lay there a-ravin' like wild in me bed for a  
month an' more;  
For me head was on fire, an' the pains was like  
gimlits an' knives in me bones,  
Till the neighbours a-goin' the road 'ud be hearin'  
me groans an' me moans.

An' thin, whin I'd over'd the worst, as the  
Docther'd not looked for at all,  
Sure, the strenth was gone out o' me clane, an' I  
scarcely was able to crawl,  
An' that stooped, any rapin'-hook's sthraighter  
than me, an' the jints o' me stift,  
An' me fingers as crookt as the claws of a kite, wid  
no use in thim lift ;  
An' whin first I got on me ould brogues, I stuck  
fast like a wheel in a rut,  
I seemed raisin' the weight o' the world every time  
that I lifted me fut.

## VII

So I sat in the door not long afther, whin Judy  
O'Neill comes by,  
An': 'Bedad, Mick Flynn, ye're an ould man  
grown,' sez she ; an' : 'Git out !' sez I.

But as soon as she'd passed I stepped round to  
the field that the lads were in,  
For I thought I'd been idlin' enough, an' 'twas time  
I set to it agin.

They were diggin' the first of the praties ; I smelt  
thim 'fore ever I came,  
An' I dunno a pleasanter scent in the world than  
the smell o' thim same,

Whin ye thrust down your spade or your fork, an'  
ye turn thim up hangin' in clumps,  
Wid the skins o' thim yellor an' smooth, an' the  
clay shakin' off thim in lumps.

They'd a creel on the bank be the gate, an' Pat  
called from his end o' the dhrill

To be bringin' it up where he was, for he wanted  
another to fill ;

And I thought to ha' lifted it light, but I'd better  
ha' let it alone,

Tho' 'twas hardly three-parts full, an' 'ud hould  
but a couple o' stone ;

For I hadn't the strenth to hoist it, and over it  
wint wid a pitch,  
An' there like a sthookaun I stood, an' the praties  
rowled in the ditch.

But Pat, whin he seen I was vexed, up he come  
an' laid hould o' me arm,  
An' he bid me never to mind, for' there wasn't a  
ha'porth o' harm.

An' sez I : 'I'm not able for aught.' An' sez he :  
'Dad, ye've worked in your day  
Like a Trojin, an' now ye've a right to your rest,  
while we'll wrastle away.

Sure it's many a creel ye've loaded afore I'd the  
strenth or the wit ;

And ye needn't be throublin' your head, for there's  
plinty of help I'll git ;

Here's Larry an' Tim grown sizeable lads, an'  
Joe'll soon be lendin' a hand—

So ye'll just sit quite in your corner, an' see that  
we'll git on grand.'

And he said it as kind as could be, yet me heart  
felt as heavy as lead,  
And I wint to the door, and I sat in the sun, but I  
wished I was dead.

## VIII

He's been always a good son, Pat, an' the wife,  
there's no fau't in his wife,  
Sure she's doin' her best to keep house sin' me  
ould woman lost her life ;  
But the throuble she's had—och ! the crathur,  
small blame to her now if she'd think  
It was time they were quit of a wan fit for nought  
save to ait an' to dhrink.  
For whiles, whin she's washin' the praties, or  
cuttin' the childher's bread,  
I know be the look of her face she's rememb'rin'  
the child that's dead;

The littlest, that died in last winther, and often  
afore it died

Did be askin' its mammy for bread, an' thin, 'cause  
she 'd none, it cried ;

An' the Dochter he said 'twas the hunger had kilt  
it ; an' that was the case :

Ye could see thro' its wee bits of hands, an' its eyes  
were as big as its face.

An' whiles whin I 'm aitin' me crust, I'// be thinkin'  
to hear it cry—

But *she*, that's the mother who bore it—who'd  
blame her? In throth not I.

Och ! but that was the terrible winther, an' like  
to ha' starved us outright ;

Ne'er a hungrier saison I mind since the first o' the  
pratye blight ;

An' whine'er wan's no call to be hungry, it's three  
times as hungry wan feels,

An' so I that worked never a sthroke, I did always  
be great at me meals.

Yet I spared thim the most that I could, for o'  
nights whin I noticed our heap  
O' praties looked small in the pot, I'd let on I was  
fast asleep ;  
So Molly she'd spake to the childher, an' bid thim  
to whisht an' be quite,  
For if gran'daddy sted on asleep, he'd be wantin'  
no supper that night ;  
Thin, the crathurs, as cautious an' cute as the mice  
they'd all keep whin they heard,  
An' to think that the little childher'd sit watchin',  
not darin' a word,  
But hush-hushin' wan to the other, for fear I might  
happin to wake  
And ait up their morsel o' food—sure me heart  
'ud be ready to break.

## IX

Thin I'd think: 'There's the House; ay, an'  
thin they'd be fewer to starve an' to stint';  
Yet I hated the thought, an' kep' hopin' I'd maybe  
be dead ere I wint.  
But I'm just afther hearin' this day what has settled  
me plans in me mind,  
Like as if I had turned round me face; and I won't  
go a-lookin' behind.  
I'd been sthreelin' about in the slip at the back,  
whin I thought I'd creep down  
An' see what was up at M'Gurk's, for it's weeks  
since I've been in the town;  
So round to the front I was come, an' the first  
thing that ever I seen  
Was two gintlemen close to our door, an' a car  
standin' down the boreen.



And the wan o' the two was a sthranger, a stout  
    little man, wid each square  
O' the checks on his coateen the size of our own  
    bit o' field over there ;  
Divil much to be lookin' at aither, tho' here the  
    lads tould me as how  
'Twas no less than our Landlord himself, that we'd  
    never set eyes on till now.  
For away off in England he lives, where they say  
    he's an iligant place  
Wid big walls round it sevin mile long, and owns  
    dozens of horses to race,  
That costs him a fortin to keep ; so whin all of  
    his money is spint,  
He sends word over here to the Agint ; an' bids  
    him make haste wid the rint.  
An' the other's the Agint, I know him ; worse  
    luck, I've known many a wan,  
An' it's sorra much good o' thim all. I remember  
    the carryin's on

We'd have in the ould times at home, whin we  
heard he was comin' his round :

For, suppose we'd a calf or a heifer, we'd dhrive  
her off into the pound,

Or if we'd a firkin of butther, we'd hide it away in  
the thatch.

Ay, bedad, if we'd even so much as an old hin  
a-sittin' to hatch,

We'd clap her in under the bed, out o' sight, for,  
mind you, we knew right well

He'd be raisin' the rint on us sthraight, if he spied  
that we'd aught to sell.

I've heard tell there's a change in the law, an'  
the rint takes three Judges to fix,

So it isn't as aisy these times for an Agint to play  
thim bad thricks;

I dunno the rights of it clear, but all's wan, for he  
would if he could;

And as soon as I seen him this day, I was sure  
he'd come afther no good.

But I slipped the wrong side o' the bank ere they  
heard me, an' there I sat still,  
An' they came an' stood nigh it to wait, while their  
car crep' along up the hill.

## X

And Turner, the Agint, looked back to the  
house: 'Well, yer Lordship,' he sez,  
'That's a case for eviction; we'll scarce see a  
pinny while wan o' thim stez.  
Why, they haven't a goose or a hin, let alone e'er  
a baste on the land,  
So where we're to look for our money is more nor  
I understand.  
But in coorse the man's axin' for time.' An' sez  
t' other, 'Confound him! in coorse—  
'Tis their thrade to be axin' for that, if ye're axin'  
a pound for your purse.

They may have their damned time, sure, an'  
welcome, as long as they plase, on'y first  
They'll pay up or clear out.' An' the Agint he  
laughed till ye'd think he'd ha' burst.  
An' sez he, 'Thin "clear out" 'll be the word, and  
my notion's we'll find that it pays,  
If we pull down thim ould sticks o' cabins, an' put  
in the cattle to graze ;  
Faith, I'd liefer see sheep on the land than the  
likes o' that breed any day,'  
Sez he, pointin' his hand to the 'dyke, where the  
childher, poor sowls, were at play.  
An' the Lord sez, 'It's on'y a pity we can't git the  
lap of a wave  
Just for wanst, o'er the whole o' the counthry ; no  
end to the throuble 'twould save,  
And lave the place *clane*.' An' the Agint laughed  
hearty ; sez he : 'Our best start,  
Since we can't git thim under the wather, is  
sendin' thim over it smart.

An' these Flynnns here we'd imigraph aisy ; they've  
several lads nearly grown ;  
The on'y dhrawback's the ould father, we'll just  
have to let him alone,  
For the son sez he's sheer past his work, an' that  
niver 'ud do in the States ;  
It's a burthen he's been on their hands for this  
great while—he'll go on the rates.  
Sure, the Union's the place for the likes of him, so  
long as he bides above'.  
But be this time their car had come by, an' up  
wid thim, an' off they dhruv.

## XI

I'd ne'er ha' thought Patsy'd say that ; an' he  
didn't belike—I dunno—  
But it's on'y the truth if he did. A burthen ?  
Bedad, I'm so.

An' Pat, that's a rare good son, and has been all  
the days of his life,

It's the quare thanks I'm givin' him now, to be  
starvin' the childher and wife.

For I often considher a sayin' we have : ' Whin it's  
little ye've got,

It's the hunger ye'll find at the botthom, if many  
dip spoons in your pot.'

But if wanst they were shut o' meself, an' the Agint  
'ud wait for a bit,

They might weather the worst o' the throuble, an'  
keep the ould roof o'er thim yit.

But suppose they're put out afther all, an'  
packed off to the divil knows where,

An' I up away in the House, I might never so  
happin to hear ;

An' I'd liefer not know it for certin. Och ! to  
think the ould place was a roon,

Wid nought left save the rims o' four walls, that  
the weeds 'ud be coverin' soon ;

An' the bastes o' the field walkin' in ; an' the hole  
where the hearth was filled  
Wid the briers ; an' no thrace o' the shed that I  
helped me poor father to build,  
An' I but a slip of a lad, an' that plased to be  
handlin' the tools,  
I 'most hammered the head off each nail that I  
dhruv. Och, it's boys that are fools.

## XII

'Tis sevin mile good into Westport ; I never  
could thramp it so far,  
But Tim Daly dhrives there of a Friday ; he'll  
loan me a sate on his car.  
An' Friday's to-morra, ochone ! so I'm near now  
to seein' me last  
O' Barney, an' Pat, an' the childher, an' all the  
ould times seem past.

I remimber the House goin' by it. It stands on  
a bit of a rise,  
Stone-black, lookin' over the lan', wid its windows  
all starin' like eyes ;  
And it's lonesome an' sthrange I'll be feelin', wid  
ne'er a frind's face to behould ;  
An' the days 'ill go dhreary an' slow. But I'm  
ould, plase God, I'm ould.





BY THE BOG-HOLE

*'Non omni somno securius exstat?'*



## BY THE BOG-HOLE

### I

AY, her people an' mine we lived next door at  
the end o' the long boreen,  
Afore it runs out on the breadth o' the bog where  
the black land bates the green ;  
An' Nelly's mother 'ud always give me a pleasant  
word passin' thim by,  
As I dhruv out our cow of a mornin', an' meself  
scarce her showlder high.  
An' Nelly she 'd crawl up the step, an' stump ather  
me into the lane,  
An' she 'd throt, callin' : '' Top, Dimmy, 'top !' for  
she couldn't run sthraight, or spake plain ;

And her mother'd say, 'Jimmy, me lad, if I trust  
her along wid ye, thin,

Keep your eye on her ; mind the big hole ; for  
your life don't be lettin' her in.'

So it's many a day I'd be keepin' me eye on the  
child an' the baste,

That had mostly a mind to be goin' wherever ye  
wanted thim laste ;

An' th' ould cow'd sthray away thro' the bog, if  
she couldn't find mischief to do

Thramplin' fences an' fields ; but it's Nelly herself  
was the worst o' the two.

For ere ever ye 'd know, there she'd be like a scut  
of a rabbit a-creep—

She'd creep faster thim whiles than she'd walk—  
down the bank where the hole's lyin' deep ;

An' it's thin I'd the work o' the world to be catchin'  
her an' coixin' her back,

Such a fancy she'd tuk to the place, an' it lookin'  
so ugly an' black,

Wid its sides cut wall-sthraight wid the spade, an'  
the wather like midnight below,  
Lyn' far out o' reach ; overhead all the storm-winds  
may blusther an' blow,  
But 'tis still as a floor o' stone flags, an' its depth  
ye can't measure noways ;  
Sure if Nelly had crep' o'er the edge, she'd ha'  
crep' to the end of her days.

## II

But the years wint till Nelly'd more wit than to  
dhrown of herself in a hole,  
An' meself was a size to git work in the fields ;  
yit, fair weather or foul,  
Whin a holiday come we'd be out rovin' round on  
the bog, she an' me,  
For we always kep' frinds ; and it's lonesome was  
Nell, since the mother, ye see,

Tuk an' died wan hard winter, worse luck—a bad  
job for the little colleen—

And her brothers had gone to the States, and her  
father was fond o' potheen,

And 'ud bide dhrinkin' dhrops down at Byrne's  
till he hadn't a thought in his head ;

So that, barrin' ould Granny an' me, all her  
company 'd quit or was dead.

## III

There's a bit of a hill rises up, right fornint the  
big hole—the same sort

As ye'll count be the dozen in bogs, wid the grass  
on't fine-bladed an' short,

An' the furzes an' broom in a ruffle a-top, an' flat  
stones peepin' out,

Where it's pleasant to sit in the sun and be lookin'  
around and about,

Whin the bog wid its stacks and its pools spreads  
away to the rim o' the blue  
That lanes over as clear as a glass, on'y somehow  
wan ne'er can see thro'.  
An' there's plenty to mind, sure, if on'y ye look  
to the grass at your feet,  
For 'tis thick wid the tussocks of heather, an'  
blossoms and herbs that smell sweet  
If ye tread thim ; an' maybe the white o' the  
bog-cotton waved in the win',  
Like the wool ye might shear off a night-moth, an'  
set an ould fairy to spin ;  
Or wee frauns, each wan stuck 'twixt two leaves  
on a grand little stem of its own,  
Lettin' on 'twas a plum on a tree ; an' the briers  
thrailed o'er many a stone  
Dhroppin' dewberries, black-ripe and soft, fit to  
melt into juice in your hould ;  
An' the bare stones thimselves 'ill be dusted wid  
circles o' silver an' gould—



Nelly called thim the moon an' the sun—an' grey  
patches like moss that's got froze,  
Wid white cups in't that take a red rim by the  
time we've the sheaves up in rows ;  
I'd be vexed whin they turned, for a sign that the  
summer was slippin' away,  
But poor Nelly was pleased wid the little bright  
sthakes growin' broader each day.

## IV

So wan evenin'—I know if I think, 'twas whin  
last they were cuttin' the oats,  
Maybe four months from now, whin outside past  
the bars there's an odd snow-flake floats,  
But it seems to me feelin' a world's breadth away,  
and a life's lenth ago—  
Well, the two of us sat on the hill, an' the sun was  
about gettin' low,

An' there wasn't a ray on the lan', for the dhrift o'  
dark cloud overhead

Stretched away like a roof, till just rimmin' the  
west ran the light in a thread,

Same as if 'twas a lid liftin' up on bright hinges ;  
an' sorra a breath

Thro' the leaves or the grass, for the win' never  
stirred, an' 'twas stiller than death.

An' so Nelly 'd a poppy-bud pulled, wid the red  
all crased up in the green,

An' sat smoothin' its leaves on her lap, till ye saw  
its black heart in between ;

An' her hair curlin' over the shine of her eyes, an'  
a smile on her mouth,

As I knew by the dint in her cheek turned aside  
from me. Sure 'twas the truth,

But I dunno for why of a suddint the notion come  
into me mind

That in all o' that bog-land it's Nell was the  
purtiest thing ye could find ;

An' thinks I : ' Sure the slip of a lass, whin the  
days o' me life 'ill be dark,  
Is the same as yon glame in the west that widout  
it has sorra a spark.'

## V

But that instant he stepped round the end o' the  
turf-stack fornint the boreen,  
Wid a scarlet to aquil the poppies ablaze on his  
bit o' coateen,  
And his belts and his straps and his buckles as  
white an' as bright as could shine—  
Whin a dragon-fly sits on the slant o' the sun he  
looks somethin' as fine—  
Till he seemed to be lightin' a dazzle an' glitter  
each step that he stirred ;  
And his little red cap set a-top wid a cock, like  
the crest of a bird,

And his spurs glancin' out at his heels, an' the  
stripes o' gold lace down his sleeve ;  
And himself was just Felix Magrath comin' home  
to his father's on leave.

## VI

The red-coats—I'd seen thim at Christmas, when  
'victions was down at Drumloe,  
Standin' watchin' the ould folk an' childher put  
out in the flurries o' snow,  
And it's thin they looked bittther an' black as their  
powdher an' steel, man for man,  
But—I'll say that for Felix Magrath—find a  
pleasanter lad if ye can.  
For he seemed somehow heartenin' things up, whin  
he stepped along sthraight as a dart,  
Maybe twirlin' his bit of a stick to a tune like, that  
dacint an' smart

That ye'd feel, clumpin' on be his side, like a quare  
sort o' raggety gawk.

Thin to hear him discoorse ; ye might listen from  
mornin' till night to his talk,

He'd such stories of all he'd beheld in thim lands  
where they fight wid the blacks,

Where the curiourest things ye could think do be  
plenty as turf-sods in stacks.

And he'd medals that set him rememb'rin' wan  
day whin the guns let a roar

From the ridge o' the sandhills close by, where  
they'd come since the evenin' before ;

An' it's mountin' they all were next minute, an'  
waitin' the word o' command,

Wid his baste in a quiver to start, sthrainin' hard  
on the reins in his hand,

An' thim other lads passin' thim on to the front  
till their hearts were nigh broke,

Thramp an' thramp, wid the bands playin' march-  
tunes ahead thro' the booms in the smoke ;

Thin the bugle rang out—Och, I've ne'er heard  
the like, yet wan aisy can tell  
They'd ha' lep' all the locked gates of Heaven to  
ride wid that music to Hell.

## VII

So if Nell tuk a pleasure in listenin', the same as  
the rest o' thim, why  
'Twas small blame to her; that's what I said to  
meself; but it seemed like a lie.  
An' whine'er I come home from me work, an' seen  
never a sowl be the hedge,  
Where there'd most whiles be Nelly to meet me,  
but, happen, away on the edge  
O' the hill-slope a pair standin' dark 'ginst the clear  
o' the sunset, och thin  
All the fire that was dead in the sky seemed flared  
up to a burnin' agin

In the core o' me heart ; an' the first thing I knew  
I'd be rippin' an oath,  
Wid me fingers clenched hard in a rage, like as if  
they were grippin' his throat ;  
An' I'd swear to meself that whin wanst he was  
parted from Nelly that night,  
I'd slip afther him back to his place, an' pervoke  
him some way to a fight,  
As I ready might do if I plased, an' no throuble  
about it at all,  
For it's aisier risin' a quarrel than sthrikin' a match  
on a wall.  
An' bedad, if it come to that work, it's meself  
might be havin' the pull,  
For I stood a head taller than he, and I'd always  
the strenth of a bull ;  
An' 'twas likely enough, if I mastered him thin,  
he'd take off out o' this,  
An' leave Nelly an' me to ourselves as if naught  
had befallen amiss ;

An' thin Nelly'd percaive there was more in the  
world than a gay bit o' red—

So thinks I to meself; but, sure, musha, wan's  
thoughts is like beads off a thread,

Slippin' each after each in a hurry: an' so I kep'  
considerin' on,

Till the next thought I had was if Nelly'd be  
fretted whin Felix was gone.

For I knew that the comfort was crep' from me  
life like the light from the day

Since she'd tuk up wid him; an' belike now if  
aught chanced that dhruv him away,

She'd be heart-broke. An' what call had I to go  
vex her wid comin' between,

Whin she'd liefer have him than meself in me  
shows of ould brogues an' caubeen?

'Divil take me,' sez I, 'thin it's schemin' I am  
to have Nelly to wake

Wid her heart every mornin' like lead, if there's  
lead that can thrimble and ache,



Wid no pleasure in aught, feelin' lonesome an' lost  
in the world dhrear an' wild,  
I might betther ha' left her to dhrown, an' she  
on'y an imp of a child.'

## VIII

But there's whiles whin the throubles ye're  
dhreadin' seem comin' be conthrary ways,  
An' ye'll wondher what road ye should turn from  
the worst till your mind's in a maze,  
Like me own, whin I heard what the neighbours  
were sayin' o' Nelly. Bedad,  
It's the lasses were jealous I know—but they all  
would go bail Magrath's lad  
Was just foolin' the girl for the sake o' divarsion  
as certin as fate,  
Wid his slootherin' talk, and his thrapesin' after  
her early an' late,

Till she'd come to no good. Ay, mayhap, it  
was nothin' but envy an' spite,  
Yet it seemed to meself whin the neighbours called  
Felix a rogue, they said right ;  
An' thin Nell'd got no mother to mind her. I  
couldn't tell what to be at,  
For if all that they talked was the truth, I'd ha'  
choked him as soon as a rat ;  
But the truth was as hard to piece out as a page  
whin the half of it's torn ;  
An' I'd think 'twixt us both Nell might fare like  
a little white rose on the thorn,  
That two childher 'll be scufflin' an' tusslin' to grab,  
'cause it's purty an' sweet,  
Till its laves is shook off in a shower, an' throd  
down in the dust at their feet.

## IX

An' thim evenin's I felt to be hatin' whatever I  
seen or I heard,  
So I'd slinge away into the house, where I'd  
nowan to give me a word,  
An' the corners is black at noonday. But I couldn't  
shut out o' me sight  
How the west where the sun had gone by would  
be swimmin' brimful wid clear light,  
An' as fast as it dhrained off the stars 'ud be slippin'  
this side o' the sky,  
Like the rain-dhrops that rowl down and hang from  
the blade-points ; it's Nelly and I  
'Ud be watchin' thim many a time ; an' sure now  
she was watchin' wid *him*,  
An' what differ to her ? But a wolf whin he's  
tearin' a man limb from limb

Might ha' frindlier feelin's than me, whin I fancied  
the two o' thim there,  
Sthrollin' aisy, while Felix 'd be stickin' red poppies  
in Nelly's black hair,  
As I seen him wan evenin', or pullin' her kingcups  
along be the pool,  
An' they both talkin' low, an' it's like enough  
laughin' at me for a fool  
That had tuk off to sulk be himself. I'd ha' sworn  
I was hearin' him laugh ;  
An' I wanst grabbed me blackthorn that laned be  
the wall, an' I snapped it in half  
Like a withy, ere I knew what I done, and it thick  
as your wristbone. An' thin  
There'd be Granny, that sat on the step wid her  
knittin', would keep peerin' in,  
Thinkin' maybe I'd speak to her pleasant some  
while ; for the crathur was scared,  
An' she dursn't so much as be askin' what ailed  
me ; but little I cared,

Or it's plased in a manner I was wid the notion  
I'd somebody vexed ;  
An' I'd often scarce open me lips, good or bad,  
from wan light till the next.  
Och, but slow wint the time, an' I crouched in the  
dark like a baste in his lair,  
Ragin' crueller than bastes, barrin' divils. Sure  
mad ye'd go, mad wid despair,  
If ye hadn't the thought that the end o' the end,  
whatsoe'er may befall,  
Is nought else save a paice and a quiet, where  
ye'll disremember it all.

## X

Well, wan night, comin' home agin sundown, I  
met wid some girls at the gate  
Beyant Reilly's, an' Biddy O'Loughlin : 'Och  
Jimmy,' sez she, 'man, ye're late ;

For we seen thim just now, passin' by near the  
pool at the fut o' the hill,  
Your sweetheart an' *her* sweetheart, thick as two  
thieves. Ye might find thim there still,  
If ye stirred yourself,' sez she. Sez I: 'Find a  
sweetheart, me lass, o' your own,  
And it's thin ye'll be maybe contint to let other  
folks' sweethearts alone.'  
So sez I; but I thought to meself I'd turn back  
be the way that I came,  
An' keep out o' the sight o' the hole. But it's  
there I wint sthraight all the same.

## XI

There were showers about on the bog, an' the  
blast risin' up wid a keen  
Dhruv the wet in me eyes as I come towards the  
hole till the slope falls between ;

And I tuk a look round, sharp an' quick, as ye'd  
touch a red coal wid your hand—

Ne'er a sign of him—nowan but Nell—sure a light  
seemed to slip o'er the land.

But it's kneelin' she was on the edge, stoopin'  
low o'er the blackness widin,

And I called to her: 'Mind yourself, Nell!' for  
to see her ran could thro' me skin.

But wid that she lept up to her feet, an' just ready  
she stood for a spring,

Never liftin' her eyes from the wather. So sthraight  
as a stone from a sling

I was down the hill-side, an' I dhragged her away,  
tho' it's past what ye'd think

How she sthrove in me arms; I was hard set to  
hold her off safe from the brink.

Thin she tuk to stan' still of a suddint, an' sez to  
me soft like an' low:

'For the love o' the Mother o' Mercy, don't be  
keepin' me, lad, let me go.'

An' sez I to her : ' Nelly, me darlint, I 've made up  
me mind in the nights  
That I 'd give ye to Felix Magrath ; for, sure, how  
should I grudge you by rights,  
If it 's him your heart 's set on ? I 'll keep meself  
quite ; there 's no more to be said.  
But yon ugly black hole—och, it 's often I 've  
promised your mother that 's dead  
I 'd ne'er let that git hold o' ye. Time and agin  
I 'll ha' hauled ye along  
Up this bank, an' ye fightin' as fierce as a kitten,  
an' nearly as sthrong,  
And abusin' me all ye could think, in the rage o'  
ye. Now, be me sowl,  
I 'd not keep ye from wan that was pleasant an'  
kind, but I 'll chate the black hole.'  
So sez I ; but sez she wid a cry that was like a  
wild bird's on the air :  
' 'Tis to Felix I 'm goin', to Felix, that 's lyin' an'  
dhrownin' down there.'



## XII

Och, the world gave a reel; och, the words  
    meant no more than the thunderclaps mane,  
Thro' the roar in me ears, till I saw thim black  
    sods that were soft wid the rain  
All fresh thrampled, an' scrawmed on the edge were  
    the prints left where somewan had gript  
For dear life wid his fingers—God help him whin  
    heavy he grew, an' they slipt,  
And he dug his nails hard—an' they slipt. An' in  
    Nelly's own bit of a hand,  
That I'd caught, was a scrap o' gold lace; an'  
    his cap wid its bright-shinin' band  
Hung there waved on a brier; but the wather  
    lay smooth. An' sez I: 'In God's name,  
What was that ye said, Nelly?' An' sez she:  
    'Twas but now; he was here whin I came.

An' sez he, whin the rain-dhrops began : " Now  
the fine weather's broke, I'll be sworn,  
But it's lasted as long as me leave, for I'm off to  
the Curragh the morn."

So sez I : " Is it that soon ye'll be goin' ? " An'  
sez he : " Sure, if longer I'd stay,

What at all would the wife there be doin' ? She'd  
think that I'd scooted away ;

Och, it's ragin' she'd be like the mischief. But,  
Nelly," sez he, " wife or no,

Ye're the purtiest girl I e'er seen, an' ye'll give  
me a kiss ere I go."

But I pushed him away, and I sez : " Ne'er a kiss  
ye'll be gittin' from me."

An' I turned to run home, an' the sky'd grown so  
dark that I scarcely could see.

Thin he tuk a step back—sure belike he forgot  
he stood close to the bank—

An' he fell, an' he held to the edge, but he dhropped  
in the wather an' sank.

An' he's dhrownin'—leave go o' me, Jimmy—ye  
stookawn—I'd aisy jump down—  
It's your fau't if ye hinder me savin' him—your  
doin' for lettin' him dhrown,  
That's me sweetheart. Och, Felix,' sez she, 'I'd  
give body an' sowl for your life,  
Felix darlint.' I knew it afore, yet to hear her  
seemed twistin' a knife  
That was stuck in me heart. But I held her the  
closer. I've learnt since I've thried  
How a man can hold Heaven an' Hell in wan  
grip. Thin most piteous she cried,  
An' she snatched her two hands out o' mine to  
her throat, an' seemed gaspin' for breath,  
An' her head dhrooped aside, an' she lay in me  
arms like the image o' death.

## XIII

But 'tis all in a mist afther thin. First the  
neighbours come plutherin' round,  
Callin' wan to the other that Nelly was dead, an'  
that Felix was dhrowned.  
An' the pólis thramped black thro' the glames of a  
moon that was takin' to rise,  
An' thin somebody said: 'Sure he's murdered  
her sweetheart before the girl's eyes.'  
Was it that set the win' howlin' 'Murther!' all  
over the land in the dark?  
An' they axed me a power o' questions, an' fitted  
me fut in a mark  
On the bank. But it's little I heeded whatever  
they'd do or they'd say,  
For thin Nelly was come to her sinses, an' ravin'  
an' moanin' away,

An' kep' biddin' thim hinder me dthrownin' the lad  
in the hole be the hill.

So sez I to meself whin I heard her : ' I 'll let thim  
believe what they will.

I'll say naught, an' the kinder they'll thrate her  
belike.' So I just held me tongue.

An' some chaps began booin' an' shoutin' the  
villin'd a right to be hung.

An' his mother wint callin' him soft, lettin' on he  
was hid for a joke ;

But th' ould father I'd seen shake his fist at me  
over the heads o' the folk :

Troth, as long as the life's in me body he'll ne'er  
git a minute o' paice.

And I seen Granny mopin' about wid the fright  
puckered up in her face.

Och, she'll starve, now, the crathur, she'll starve ;  
that's the throuble I'm lavin' behind.

Did I see? I'm scarce certin, but since, I'll be  
seein' it oft in me mind,

What they dhrew up all dhrippin', up out o' the  
wather that shivered an' spun  
In black rings, hauled up slow like a log, stiff an'  
stark, an' laid down where the sun  
Was just rachin' to twinkle the dew on the grass.  
Whin ye looked where that lay,  
All the world seemed no more than a drift o' deep  
night round a hand's-breadth o' day.  
But it's clearer I see him come stepped thro' the  
sunset in glimmers o' gould,  
Than that wanst, sthretched his lenth there, stone-  
still, wid thim black snaky weeds, wet an' could,  
Thrailin' round him. Her darlint, her darlint—I  
hear that asleep and awake ;  
I'd a right to quit hearin' it now, whin he'll listen  
no more than she'll spake.

## XIV

For they tould me this day little Nelly had died  
o' the fever last night,  
An' the frettin'; so nothin' that matthers a  
thraneen's left under the light.  
What's the differ if people believe 'twas meself  
shoved him into the pool?  
They can't help her or harm her. But, faith, sir,  
ye'll think me a powerful fool,  
Or ye'd scarce have the face to be biddin' me  
spake out the truth now, afore  
Tis too late; an' yourself sittin' there tellin' lies  
this last half-hour an' more,  
Wid your little black book full o' blatheremskyte  
as its leaves is o' print;  
Sure, I'd heard all your stories; an' sorra a wan  
ye've the wit to invint

That 'ill show folk the sinse o' the life where they've  
come, an' the death where they 'll go,

If there's sinse in't at all ; wan thing's certin : it  
isn't the likes o' yez know—

Wid your chapels an' churches, Heaven walled up  
in each, an' Hell's blazes all round.

Och, the Divil / keep is contint plaguin' crathurs  
that bide above ground,

Widout blatherin' afther thim into the dark ; that's  
the Divil for me ;

Tho' he wouldn't suit you, sir : the folk's aisier  
frighted wid things they can't see.

But just leave me in paice wid your glory an'  
joy—they're as bad as the rest.

If there's anythin' manes me a good turn at all,  
let it give me what 's best—

The great sleep, that's all sleep, ne'er a fear wan  
could wake, ne'er a thought to creep in ;

Ne'er a dhrame—or I'd maybe hear Nelly call  
Felix her darlint agin.





PAST PRAYING FOR  
OR, THE SOUPER'S WIDOW

*'Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans.'*



PAST PRAYING FOR  
OR, THE SOUPER'S<sup>1</sup> WIDOW

(A.D. 184—)

I

SURE he 'd never ha' done it, not he, if I 'd on'y  
but held o' me tongue ;  
Och, the fool that I was, the black fool—for the  
same I 'd deserve to be hung ;  
But, bedad thin, the tongue o' ye's harder than  
aught in the world else to hould,  
An' that mornin' we all was disthracted an'  
perished wid hunger an' could.

<sup>1</sup> *Souper* is a term applied to the few Irish Catholic peasants who, during famine years, professed Protestantism in order to obtain the relief, often intrusted for distribution to the clergy of the then Established Church, who occasionally made a grant conditional upon attendance at their services, etc., though as a rule acting impartially and humanely.

## II

It was right in the worst o' the famine, the first  
years the praties wint black—  
Tho' ye're scarce of an age, Sisther Frances, to  
remember o' things so far back ;  
But in coorse ye've heard tell o' thim times, whin  
the people was dyin' be the score,  
Ay, be hundrids an' thousinds, the like was ne'er  
seen in the counthry before.  
An' what else should the crathurs ha' done, wid  
the food o' thim rotted to dirt ?  
Och, to see thim—ye'd meet ne'er a man but his  
face was as white as his shirt.  
And ourselves had been starved all the winther, the  
childher, an' Micky, an' me,  
An' poor Micky's ould mother, till, comin' on  
spring, not a chance could we see ;

For there wasn't a house far or near where they 'd  
give ye the black o' your eye,  
And our Praste he was down wid the fever, an'  
clane ruinated forby.

## III

So it's rale delighted we were on that evenin'  
Pat Murphy brought word  
How the people o' Lunnon had sint some relief to  
our townland he heard ;  
Relief—that was oatmale, an' loaves, an' a grand  
sup o' broth in a bowl,  
An' to git it ye'd stip down to Parson, who'd tuk  
to disthribit the whole.  
So full early we started next day, sin' the road's  
a long sthretch to his place,  
An' we hadn't a scrap in the house but a crust for  
the childher. And in case

We got out the big bag for the male, Mick an' I,  
while the rest, lookin' on,

Did be wishin' we'd bring it back full, an' a-  
wondhrin' how long we'd be gone.

Sure, the laste o' thim all, little Larry, that scarce  
was a size to run sthraight,

Tuk a notion to come wid us too, whin he heard  
'twas for somethin' to ait.

I remember the look of it yit, skytin' afther us the  
lenth o' the lane.

Thin I mind, comin' into the town, meetin' cart-  
loads and cart-loads o' grain,

That Lord Athmore was sindin' in sthrings to be  
shipped off from Westport by say ;

An' the people stood watchin' thim pass like as if  
'twas a corpse on its way.

An' sez Mick, whin we met thim : ' Look, Norah,'  
sez he, ' that's not aisy to stand :

It's the lives of our childher th' ould naygur's  
a-cartin' off out o' the land.'

An' sez I, just to pacify Mick : ' Thin good luck to  
the folks as ha' sint  
What 'ill keep o' the sowl's in their bodies ; if we  
can but do that I 'm contint.'

## IV

But, och, Sisther darlin', at Parson's we got sorra  
a bit afther all ;  
Not a taste in the world save the smell o' the soup  
that was sthrong in the hall.  
For whin Parson come out from his breakfast, he  
said the relief that he 'd got  
Was for thim who wint reg'lar to church—where  
he 'd ne'er seen a wan of our lot ;  
An' he 'd liefer throw bread to the dogs than to  
childher o' papists, whose thricks  
Were no better than haythins', brought up to be  
worshippin' ould bits o' sticks.



Howsome'er, if we'd give him our word we'd attind  
the next Sunday, why thin  
He'd considher. But who could ha' promised the  
like? Such a shame and a sin :  
Turn a souper in sight o' thim all, an' throop off to  
the place where they curse  
The ould Pope, an' the Virgin, an' jeer at the Mass  
—why, what haythin'd do worse?  
Yet that hape o' big loaves. Sisther Frances, thim  
folk's in a manner to blame  
Who know whin ye're starvin' an' tempt ye. So  
we wint back the way that we came.  
But, ochone, it seemed double the lenth, an' it's  
never a word Micky said,  
An' the ould empty bag on me arm was that light  
it felt heavy as lead ;  
An' the childher, that ran out to meet us as far as  
the top o' the hill,  
Whin they found we'd brought nothin' at all—I  
could cry now to think o' thim still.

## v

An' twyst afther that Mick wint down there to  
thry if a bit could be had,  
But onless that we promised to turn, not a scrapeen  
we 'd git good or bad.  
Och, the long hungry days. So wan mornin' we 'd  
ate all the breakfast o'er night,  
And I hoped we 'd be late wakin' up, but it seemed  
cruel soon gittin' light.  
An' the March win' was ice, an' the sun on'y shinin'  
to show it its road,  
An' the fire was gone out on us black, an' no turf  
till wan thramped for a load.  
Thin the childher, an' Mick's mother herself, were  
that starvin', the crathurs, an' could,  
That they all fell to keenin' together most woeful,  
the young an' the ould ;

Until Mick, that was lyin' in bed for the hunger,  
an' half the week long

Had scarce tasted a bit, he laned up on his elbow  
to ax what was wrong.

An' sez I—God forgive me, 'twas just the first  
thing that come into me head—

'Sure it's cryin' they are, man,' sez I, 'for the  
want of a mouthful o' bread,

And it's dyin' they may be next thing, for what  
help I can see. Och, it's quare,

But if Parson had knowed how we're kilt, an' ye'd  
on'y ha' spoken him fair,

He'd allow us a thrifle at laste.' An' sez he:  
'Woman, whisht! what's the use?

I might spake him as fair as ye plase, or might  
give him the heighth of abuse,

All as wan, he's that bitther agin us. But throth  
will I stand it no more;

I'll turn souper this day for the male.' And he  
ups wid himself off the floor;

For 'twas Sunday that mornin', worse luck: 'It's  
a sin, sure,' sez he, 'I know well,  
'Siver, sooner than watch thim disthroyed, I'd say  
prayers to the Divil in Hell,'  
Sez he, goodness forgive him—but, mind you,  
meself's every ha'porth as bad,  
For thin, watchin' him off down the lane, I dunno  
was I sorry or glad.

## VI

And he wint, sure enough, to the church.  
Widdy Mahon she tould me next day  
How she'd gone there herself for the victuals, an'  
met wid him comin' away;  
And how afther the service they stepped up to  
Parson's to thry what they'd git,  
An' they got a half loaf, an' the full o' the male-  
bag; an' never a bit

Would he touch, but made off wid him sthraight,  
tho' she said he seemed hard-set to crawl—  
Och, ye see 'twas for us that he turned, for him-  
self he'd ne'er do it at all.  
An' it's wishful he was to slip home in a hurry,  
poor lad, wid his pack,  
An' to bring us the best that he had. But och,  
Sisther, he never got back.

## VII

For the boys comin' up from the Mass down at  
Moyna, a while later on,  
Found him dhropped of a hape be the path past  
Kilogue wid the life of him gone ;  
An' th' ould male-bag gripped close in his hand,  
that he thought to ha' carried us home.  
Och, I mind it, the place where he lay, 'tis the  
lonesomest road ye can roam,

Wid the bog black an' dhreary around ye, an'  
sorra a wall or a hedge,  
Sthretchin' out till the hill-top lifts up like a fear-  
ful great face o'er the edge ;  
An' the breadths o' the big empty sky, wid no end,  
look as far as ye will,  
Seem just dhrawin' an' dhrainin' your life out, if  
weak-like ye're feelin' an' ill ;  
An' it's that way poor Mick was. Och, Sisther,  
there's scarcely a day's gone by  
In the years ever since, but I'm thinkin' how  
desolit he happint to die,  
And I dhrame it o' nights—be himself, starin'  
lonesome an' lost 'nathe thim skies,  
Wid the could creepin' into his heart, an' the  
cloud comin' over his eyes,  
An' that sin on his sowl—would ye say there's a  
chance for him? Look, now, at me,  
Wid a bed to die aisy on here in the House,  
betther off, sure, than he,

An' me fau't just as bad. Cock me up! to lie  
here where I've help widin call,  
An' poor Mick out o' rache on the road—where's  
the manin' or sinse in't at all?

## VIII

Ay, in troth, 'twas no thing to go do; ay, a  
scandal it was and a sin;  
But mayhap they'd scarce judge him so hard if  
they knew all the sttraits we were in.  
There's the Mother o' Mercy, sez I to meself, sure,  
it's childher she's had—  
May they ne'er want the bite or the sup, if she'll  
spake a good word for me lad.  
Och, me head's gittin' doitered an' quare, or I'd  
know they've tuk off out o' this,  
And is settled in glory above, where there's  
nought can befall them amiss.

But suppose she remembers her time down below,  
if she even lived where  
The ould blight never come on their praties an'  
dhruv the whole land to despair,  
Yet I'm thinkin' there's always been plenty o'  
throuble about on this earth,  
An' for sure 'twill ha' happint her whiles to ha'  
never a sod on the hearth,  
Or a scrap for the pot, an' the childher around  
her all famished an' white,  
An' they cryin', an' she nothin' to give them, save  
bid them to whisht an' be quite.

## IX

But, indeed, for that matther, the Lord, who'd  
enough to contind wid those times,  
Might ha' some sort o' notion himself how the  
poor people's tempted to crimes,



Whin they're watchin' their own folk a-starvin',  
an' no help for it, strive as they may.

For himself set a dale by his mother, accordin' as  
I've heard say,

An' remembered her last thing of all in the thick  
of his throuble, an' thought

To make sure she'd ha' some wan to care her an'  
heed that she wanted for nought,

An' be keepin' the roof o'er her head while she  
lived, all the same as her son—

But, ye see, he'd a frind he could trust to, an'  
Micky, the crathur, had none.

An' that same would be vexin' his heart while he  
lay dyin' there on the road ;

For the sorra a sowl would be left in the world to  
purtect us, he knowed ;

An' I mind when the fever he had, an' was  
wandh'rin' a bit in his head,

He kep' ravin' continyal as how 'twas destroyed  
we'd be wanst he was dead.

An' poor Mick was that kind in his heart, he'd  
be put past his patience outright  
Whin th' ould mother an' childher was frettin' wid  
hunger from mornin' till night ;  
An' it's that was the raison he done it—nought  
else. So, belike, if above  
They'd considher the hardships he met, till it's  
desprit, bedad, he was dhruv,  
An' no hope o' relief for the crathurs at home,  
mind you, barrin' he wint  
An' let on a bit now an' agin—they'd believe  
'twas no harm that he mint ;  
An' that wan sin he done, an' he starvin', they'd  
maybe forgive an' forget—  
Och, Sisther Frances, me honey, would ye say  
there's a chance for him yet?



## MISS HONOR'S WEDDING

Οἶδ' ἂν μ' ἀκούσαντ' ἄρτιως ἔχει, γύναι,  
Ψυχῆς πλάνημα κάνακλιν' ἰσι φρενῶν.



## MISS HONOR'S WEDDING

### I

WOULD Sir Maurice's youngest daughther, do I  
mind her, Sir, did ye say?  
Miss Honor is it? Och, sure the same as I'd seen  
her but yistherday;  
And her weddin'—Ay, Sir, her weddin' I said.  
How long since? Well, I dunnó,  
But a matter o' ten year back belike; anyway 'tis  
wan while ago.

### II

We thought little enough o' the match here  
below in the town; people said  
Miss Honor'd a right to ha' looked at home, if so  
be she'd a mind to wed.

There was plinty o' betther than he did be afther  
her thin, ye'll be bound,

An' she reckoned the greatest beauty in the sevin  
counties around.

Yet she needs must take up wid a sthranger ; I  
believe 'twas from Scotland he came.

No, Sir, I ne'er chanced to behould him, and I  
disremember his name—

A big man, I've heard tell, as yourself's, Sir, an'  
pleasant o' speech, but a bit

Conthráry some whiles in his temper, an' come of  
a quare wild set.

Not aquil no ways to Miss Honor: sure, whin  
she'd be ridin' the road,

As many's the time I've seen her, be the look of  
her no wan'd ha' knowed

Whether 'twas to the Earl, or the Countess, or ould  
Andy the fiddler she bowed ;

A rale lady, tho', mind ye, some Quality thought  
her proud.

## III

Howsomever, a sthranger or no, ould Sir Maurice  
was plased an' content,  
An' they settled to have a great weddin' down  
here at the endin' o' Lent ;  
An' I mind the white sloe-flower was meltin' from  
off the black hedges like hail  
In the sunshine, whin back to the Castle the family  
came wid a dale  
O' grand company, frinds an' relations ; the house  
was as full as a fair.  
But, a couple o' days to the weddin', Kate Doyle,  
that's in service up there,  
She run in wid a message to say they'd a kitchen-  
maid tuk to her bed  
Wid the awfulest toothache at all, an' her cheek  
swelled the size of her head ;



An' they wanted a girl be the week, an' she 'd spoke  
to the mistress for me—

So I slipped up that night afther supper, as proud  
o' me luck as could be.

## IV

Thin next day, whin they 'd gone to the dinner,  
Kate showed me the grandeur they 'd got  
Settled out in the library ; all of her presents, a  
terrible lot.

Sure, I couldn't be tellin' ye half, let alone nigh the  
whole o' the things.

There was wan o' the tables was covered wid brace-  
lets an' brooches, an' rings ;

An' the big silver plates did be shinin' like so  
many moons thro' the mist ;

An' the jugs wid their insides pure gold, an' the  
taypots, an' urns, an' the rist.

But the iligant chiney—och saints ! the wee cups  
wid their handles all gilt,

An' their paintin's o' flower-wrathes an' birds—if  
ye'd break wan, bedad, ye'd be kilt.

An' the jewels, och, the jewels was that purty, I'd  
ha' sted there star-gazin' all night ;

There was diaminds like raindhrops that each had  
a fire-sparkle somehow alight,

An' the pearls like as if they'd been stringin' the  
bits o' round hailstones for beads,

An' the red wans an' green, if a rainbow was sowin'  
ye'd take thim for seeds ;

An' the grand little boxes to hold thim, all lined  
wid smooth satin below—

'Sure, it's well to be her, Kate,' sez I, an' sez she,  
'Och, begorra, that's so.'

## v

Well, the morn, be the best o' good luck, Kate  
an' I got the chance to slip out,  
An' away wid us off to the church, where the folk  
was all standin' about,  
Tho' it wanted an hour to the time; an' we  
squeezed to a sate at the door,  
That was thrailed round most tasty wid wrathes  
that they 'd put up the evenin' before.  
An' it's there we'd the greatest divarsion be-  
holdin', for afther a while,  
All the guests was arrivin' an' roostlin' in velvets  
an' silks up the aisle,  
Every wan lookin' finer than t' other, wid sthramers  
an' feathers an' lace—  
But the sorra a sign o' the bridegroom was seen  
comin' nigh to the place.

That was sthrange now ; an' folk did be sayin'  
they wondhered what kep' him, an' thin  
It seemed Quality's selves got onaisy, for ye'd  
see the grand bonnits begin  
Niddle-noddin' together to whisper ; an' wan o' the  
gintlemen 'd quit,  
Slippin' out be the little side door, an' look down  
the sthraight road for a bit,  
An' come back, blinkin' out o' the sun, wid a head-  
shake, for nothin' he'd spied ;  
Till at last, in the heighth o' their throuble, in  
landed Miss Honor—the bride.

## VI

Och, an' she was a bride ! Not a sowl but was  
wishin' good luck to her groom.  
All in white, like a branch o' wild pear, when ye  
scarce see the stem for the bloom,

An' her dark hair just glintin' wid glames, like the  
bird's wing that sthrakes off the dew—

Och, a beauty complate, from the crown of her  
head to the point of her shoe.

Wid her hand on Sir Maurice's arm, an' he lookin'  
as proud as ye plase,

An' eight iligant bridesmaids behind her, each  
pair dhressed as like as two pase,

Wid their booquees o' flowers like big stars in a  
thrimble o' fern laves ; ye'd say

Be the scint they'd dhropped straight out of  
Heaven ; I remember the smell to this day.

## VII

But, next minute, in afther thim stepped a  
sthrange gintleman none of us knew,  
In a terrible takin', an' pantin' as if 'twas a bellers  
he blew ;

Wid a yallerish slip in his hand o' the sort they've  
for messages tuk  
Off the tiligrumph wires, an' he ups to where  
Quality stared at him, sthruck  
Of a heap like; and somethin' he sez, that I  
couldn't exactly hear,  
But a somethin' the others weren't wishful Miss  
Honor should guess, that was clear,  
For they all wint hush-hushin'; however, I'm  
thinkin' she heard what he said,  
And I saw her take hold o' the paper, an' what-  
ever was in it she read.

## VIII

I misdoubt what's the thruth o' the story.  
Some said all the while he'd a wife  
In the States unbeknownst, that was somehow  
found out, so he'd run for his life;

An' some said he was coortin' a Marquis's  
daughther in England instead ;  
But some said it was nought on'y just a fantigue  
he'd tuk into his head.  
But whatever the raison might be, an' whatever  
had happint amiss,  
The end of it was, he was never set eyes 'on from  
that day to this.

## IX

Sure now, Quality's quare in their ways ; when  
me cousin ran off to inlist,  
Troth, the bawls of his mother an' sisthers were  
fit to ha' frightened the best ;  
An' last winther whin Norah Macabe had heard  
tell that her sweetheart was dhrowned,  
It's her scrams 'ud ha' terrified nations—ye'd  
hear thim a good mile o' ground.

But Miss Honor, as still and as quiet she turned  
back be the way that she came,  
Down the aisle, past the pews wid the people set  
starin' in rows just the same ;  
An' right out to the shine o' the sun, that should  
never ha' lit on her head  
Till she walked wid a ring on her hand, an' the  
girls sthrewin' flowers where she'd thread.  
So she passed thro' the yard, where the folk all  
kep' whisht as the dead in their graves,  
Not a sound in the world save the flutther o' win'  
thro' the ever-green laves,  
An' a lark somewhere singin' like wild up above  
in the high light alone ;  
Till the carriage dhruv off from the gate, an' we  
heard the wheels grate on the stone.  
Thin ould Molly O'Rourke, that stood by wid her  
head in her raggety cloak :  
'Now, the Saints may purtect her,' sez she, 'for  
the heart of the crathur is broke.'



## X

An' sure maybe ould Molly was right ; I dunnó,  
for they tuk her away,  
To disthract of her mind, so they said, to some  
counthries far over the say ;  
Some most curious onnathural place, where I'm  
tould the sun's scorchin' an' hot  
All the year, an' the people is mostly ould nay-  
gurs as black as the pot,  
An' a sthrame thro' it full o' thim bastes o' great  
reptiles that swally ye whole,  
Wid the desolit deserts around, where ye'll see  
ne'er the sight of a soul ;  
Worser land than the blackest o' bogs, just as  
bare as the palm o' your hand,  
Savin' whiles barbarocious big imiges stuck in the  
midst o' the sand,

An' gazabos o' stones stuffed wid bones of the  
hayjus ould haythins inside—

Ay, in Aygypt—belike that's the name. But, at  
all evints, there she died.

## XI

Yis, she died, sir ; an' there she was buried, she  
never set fut here agin ;

An' it's nought but the truth that her like I've  
not looked on afore her or sin'.

An' bad luck, thin, to thim that 'ud harm her. A  
pity—a pity, bedad,

If ye come to considher the pleasure in life she'd  
a right to ha' had.

'Tis the same as a rose-bud that's torn whin its  
red's just the brightest to see ;

Or a linnet shot dead twitterin' soft be its bit of a  
nest in the tree—

So, in spring, whin the hedges is greenin', an'  
cuckoos beginnin' to call,

Poor Miss Honor I mind, an' her weddin', that  
was never a weddin' at all.

## A CURLEW'S CALL

*Ἐκλυον ἂν ἐγὼ οὐδ' ἂν ἥλπισ' αὐδάμ*



## A CURLEW'S CALL

### I

WHETHEN is it yourself, Mister Hagan? an'  
lookin' right hearty you are;  
'Tis a thrate to behold you agin. You'll be waitin'  
to take the long car  
For Kilmoyrna, the same as meself, sir? They're  
late at the cross-roads to-night,  
For I mind when the days 'ud be long, they'd be  
here ere the droop of the light,  
Yet out yonder far over the bog there's the sunset  
beginnin' to burn  
Like the red of a camp-fire raked low, and no sign  
of thim roundin' the turn.

So the dark 'll git ahead of us home on this jaunt ;  
we 've good ten mile to go,  
And thin afther the rain-pours this mornin', we 're  
apt to be draggin' an' slow—  
Ay, you 're right, sir : alongside the road I 've been  
thravellin' you 'd scarce count that far ;  
You 'll cross dark an' light times and agin between  
Creggan and Kandahar.

## II

And is Norah along wid you ? Well, Norah  
jewel, how 's yourself all this year ?  
Sure she 's thin grown and white, sir, to what I  
remember her last time we were here.  
Took a could in the spring ? Ah, begorrah, the  
March win' 's as bad as a blight ;  
But the weather we git in Afghanistan, troth,  
'twould destroy her outright.

For in summer Ould Horny seems houldin' the  
earth in the heat of his hand,  
And in winther the snow's the great ghost of a  
world settled down on the land,  
Wid a blast keenin' over it fit to be freezin' the  
sun where he shone ;  
If they 'd lease you that counthry rint-free, you 'd  
do righter to let it alone.

## III

Glad enough to be out of it? Well, in a way,  
but I've this on me mind,  
That I'm come like the winther's worst day, after  
lavin' me betthers behind ;  
An' the nearer I git to the ould place at home, it's  
the stranger I seem,  
Missin' thim I'll behold there no more till me  
furlough I take in a dream.



But the divil a dream's in it now, and I'd liefer  
dream ugly than think

What Jack Connolly's folk 'ill remember whinever  
they notice the blink

Of me coat past their hedge, and I goin' their  
road. Jack's poor mother belike

'Ill be feedin' her hins in the door, or else gath'rin'  
her clothes at the dyke,

And it's down to the gate she'll be runnin' and  
callin', an' biddin' me step in ;

And she'll say to me : ' Well, Dan, you're home,  
and I'm glad, sure, to see you agin.'

Quare an' glad, I'll be bound, wid the thought in  
her heart of how long she might wait,

Ere she'd see her own slip of a redcoat come  
route-marchin' in at her gate ;

He that's campin' apart from us, joined wid the  
throop who shift quarters no more ;

Crep' in under the tent that's wide worlds beyond  
call, tho' 'twas pitched at your door.

Ah, the crathur : 'tis poor bits of hope folk take up  
wid whin luck 's turnin' bad.

She that not so long since 'ud be thinkin' she'd  
soon git a sight of the lad,

There she'll stand wid her eyes on me face, till I  
see all as plain 's if I heard

How she 's wond'rin', an' dhreadin' to ask, have I  
brought her so much as a word.

That's the notion's come home wid me ; faix, I  
get thinkin' it every odd while,

Maybe oft as a lamed horse shrinks his fut in the  
lenth of a stony mile.

You'll remember Jack Connolly, sir ? Ay for sure,  
'tis good neighbours you've been

Since he wasn't the height of your stick, and  
meself but a bit of spalpeen.

Great the pair of us both were ; out most whiles  
off over the bog and away,

But the end of it happint us yonder at sunset last  
Pathrick's Day.

## IV

The way of it? Our picket was ridin' in be the  
wall of the little white town,  
That's stuck like a blaiched wasps' nest in the gap  
where the ridge of the hills breaks down,  
And the big flat plain spreads out and about, you  
might say 'twas a bog gone dhry,  
Lookin' nathural enough till you notice, pricked  
up 'gin the light in the sky,  
Their two thin towers, like an ould snail's horns be  
the shell of their haythin dome,  
Peerin' out of a purpose to put you in mind where  
you've thravelled from home.  
We were ridin' too close ; I remember along on the  
white of the wall  
The front men's helmets went bob, bob, bob, in  
blue shadow, sthretched won'erful tall,

For the sunbames were taichin' their furthest aslant  
from the edge of the day,  
Where the light ran, dhrained over the earth, like  
a wave turnin' back to the say,  
All hot gold. Howane'er, when we past where  
their straight-archin' door opened black,  
Wid the dust-thracks they thramp into roads  
glamin' in at it, off went a crack,  
And ere ever an echo got rappin' the hills, or the  
smoke riz to float,  
'Twas a plunge, and a thud, and Jack Connolly  
down wid him, shot in the throat.

## V

So be raison of we two bein' neighbours, they  
bid me mind Jack while they went  
To make out what the mischief at all the rap-  
scallion that potted him meant ;

Some ould objic' wisped up in his rags head and  
fut, the crow's notice to quit,  
Wid a quare carabine 'ud scarce fright e'er a bird  
who'd a scrumption of wit.  
But 'twas able enough for that job, and be hanged  
to it ; Jack's business was done,  
As you couldn't misdoubt. All the west swam  
clear fire round the smooth, redhot sun,  
Dropped down steady as a shell thro' still wather,  
but 'twouldn't be sunk out of sight,  
Ere the lad had got finished wid dyin', and gone  
beyond darkness and light.  
And between whiles 'twas divil a much could I do  
to be helpin' him ; just  
Keep beside him, and dhrive the black fly-buzz, and  
lift up his head from the dust,  
And hear tell had he aught in his mind. But, och  
man, if his heart was to break,  
Every whisper of voice he had in him was kilt, not  
a word could he spake.

Sure now that was conthrary. An instant before  
'twas no odds what he said,  
And he 'd laughed, and he 'd gabbed on galore,  
any blathers come into his head ;  
But wid on'y a minit to hold all his speech in for  
ever and a day,  
Just one breath of a word like a hand raichin'  
worlds' worlds an' years' years away,  
'Tis sthruck dumb he was, same as his crathur of a  
baste that stood watchin' us there,  
Wid big eyes shinin' fright, and snuff-snuffin' the  
throuble up out of the air.

## VI

'Twas a throuble swep' nearer, an' blacker, an'  
surer ; the whole world stood still ;  
You 'd as aisy turn back a cloud's shadow, that's  
tuk to slide over a hill.

There was Jack wid the life failin' out of him fast  
as the light from the sky,  
That came fingerin' the grass wid long rays, blade  
be blade, an' thin twinklin' up high  
On the gold spark atop their green dome. And  
I thought to meself how the same  
Blamed ould sunset 'ud thrapese away to the west  
till the shine of it came,  
Flarin' red in the bog-houles, an' bright past the  
turf-stacks, and in at the door  
Of the little ould place down the lonin', that Jack  
'ud set fut in no more,  
And 'twould dance on their bits of gilt jugs, till  
they glittered like stars in a row,  
And the people widin at their suppers ne'er thinkin'  
no great while ago  
It was dazzlin' Jack's eyes as he looked for me  
face wid the last of his sight.  
And sez I to him, 'What is it, lad?' but I knew  
I might listen all night

And no answer ; the sorra a chance to be bringin'  
thim word we'd ha' found,  
On'y Jack had more sinse in him yet than meself  
that was hearty and sound ;  
For he looked towards the rim of the west wid the  
sun hangin' ready to fall,  
And he whistled two notes quick and low—well I  
knew it : the curlew's call.

## VII

I'd not aisy mistake it ; sure out on these bogs  
scarce a minit goes by,  
But anear or afar on the win' comes a flicker of  
the crathur's cry—  
Faith, I heard wan just thin—and on many a day,  
ere the sun 'ud be up,  
And around and around stood the grey of the air  
like a big empty cup



Fit to hold every sound ever stirred, and to catch  
all the light ever shone,

I'd be out wid me on to our bogland, all desolit  
lyin', and lone

As the say whin you've watched the low shore till  
it dips where the ridges rowl green,

And I'd spy was there e'er a wan out, and belike  
not a sowl to be seen

Save Jack whistlin' away to me down be the lough ;  
you'd ha' swore 'twas the bird,

Barrin' just the laste differ ; Jack done it the likest  
that ever I heard.

And there's plenty that thry at it. Seldom a sun-  
sit throops out of the west

But some lad'll be whistlin' his sweetheart, that's  
sittin' and listenin' her best,

While the corners grow dark, and she's reckonin'  
the shadows for 'fraid he might fail.

So his call lit the world like a star. Ne'er a sweet-  
heart had Jack, I'll go bail,

For the truth is his mind was tuk up wid his own  
folk ; it couldn't be tould

The opinion he had and consait of the whole of  
thim, young wans and ould,

And it's there where I'm bothered entirely to think  
how he got the idee

To go soldierin' off to the ends of the earth wid  
no comrade but me.

Howanever, he went of a suddint, afore we knew  
right what was on ;

And I thought to meself the ould place 'ud be  
quare wid Jack Connolly gone,

So I up and I down to the barracks below, an' the  
shillin' I tuk—

That's the way it fell out, and belike 'twas himself  
had the best of the luck.

## VIII

And continted and aisy he went, wanst he saw  
he 'd made shift to conthrive  
That the message he had in his mind 'ud go safe.  
For sez I : ' Man alive,  
I 'll be tellin' your people at home the first chance  
I can git, good or bad,  
How thimselves, and the ould place you quit, was  
the last thought that ever you had ;  
And I 'll bid thim be thinkin' of you, whin they  
hear the bird cry on our bog.  
Your poor mother, an' father, an' the childher, an'  
their little ould rogue of a dog,  
Ne'er a wan you 're forgettin', sez I ; and bedad  
any fool might ha' known,  
For the manin' he meant wid his call was as clear  
as a bugle blown.

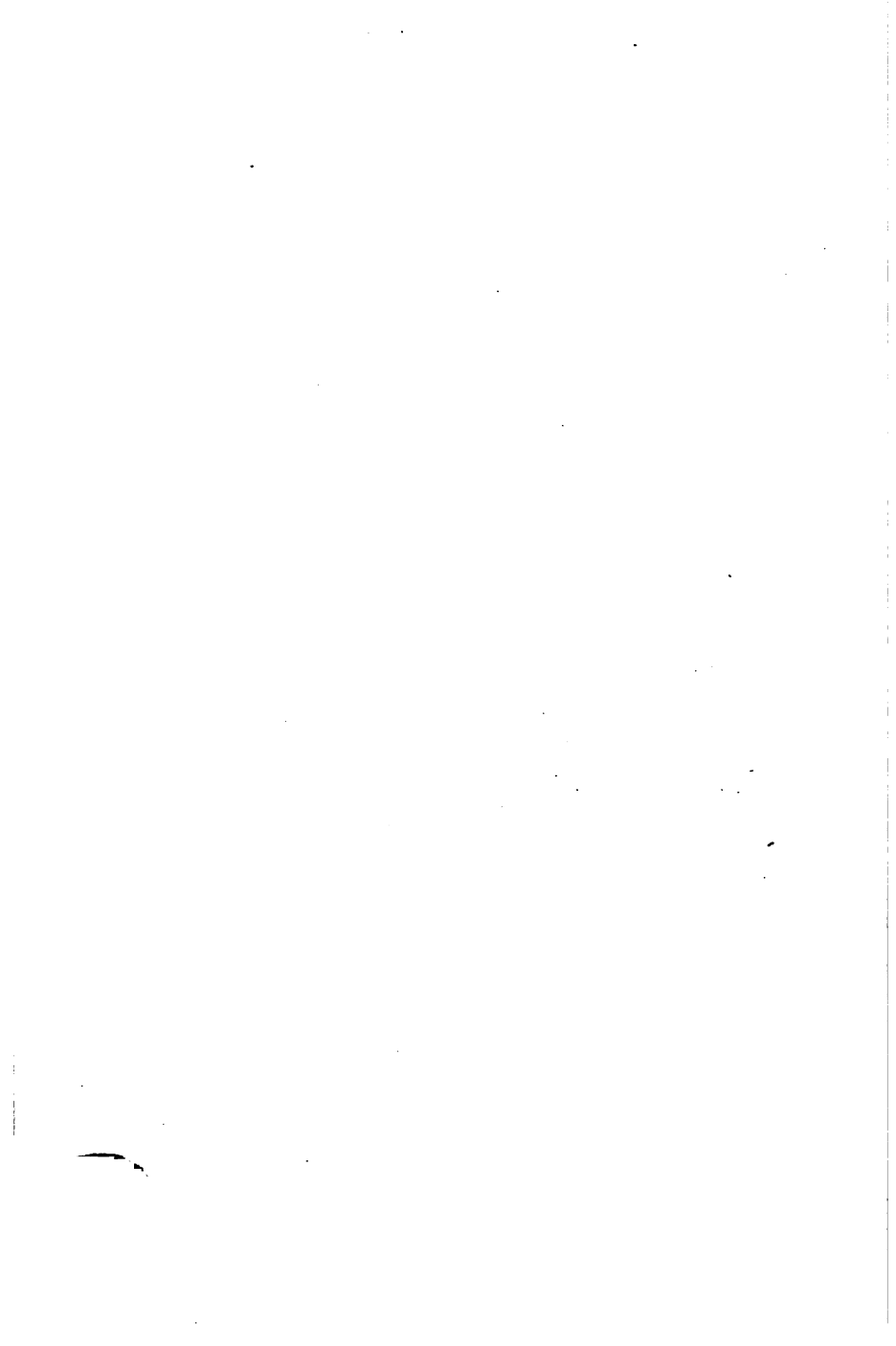
And our rifles wint crack be the gateway, and now  
and agin wid a plop  
Come a bullet dhruv deep in the sand—'twas the  
divil dhrill-sowin' his crop—  
And a priest legged it up to the top of the tower,  
and stood risin' a yell  
For the rest to be sayin' their prayers, like as if  
'twas our angely bell.  
But it's little Jack heeded ; for sure his own folk,  
and th' ould counthry, and all  
Were come nearer than near, and gone further  
than far, along wid that curlew's call.

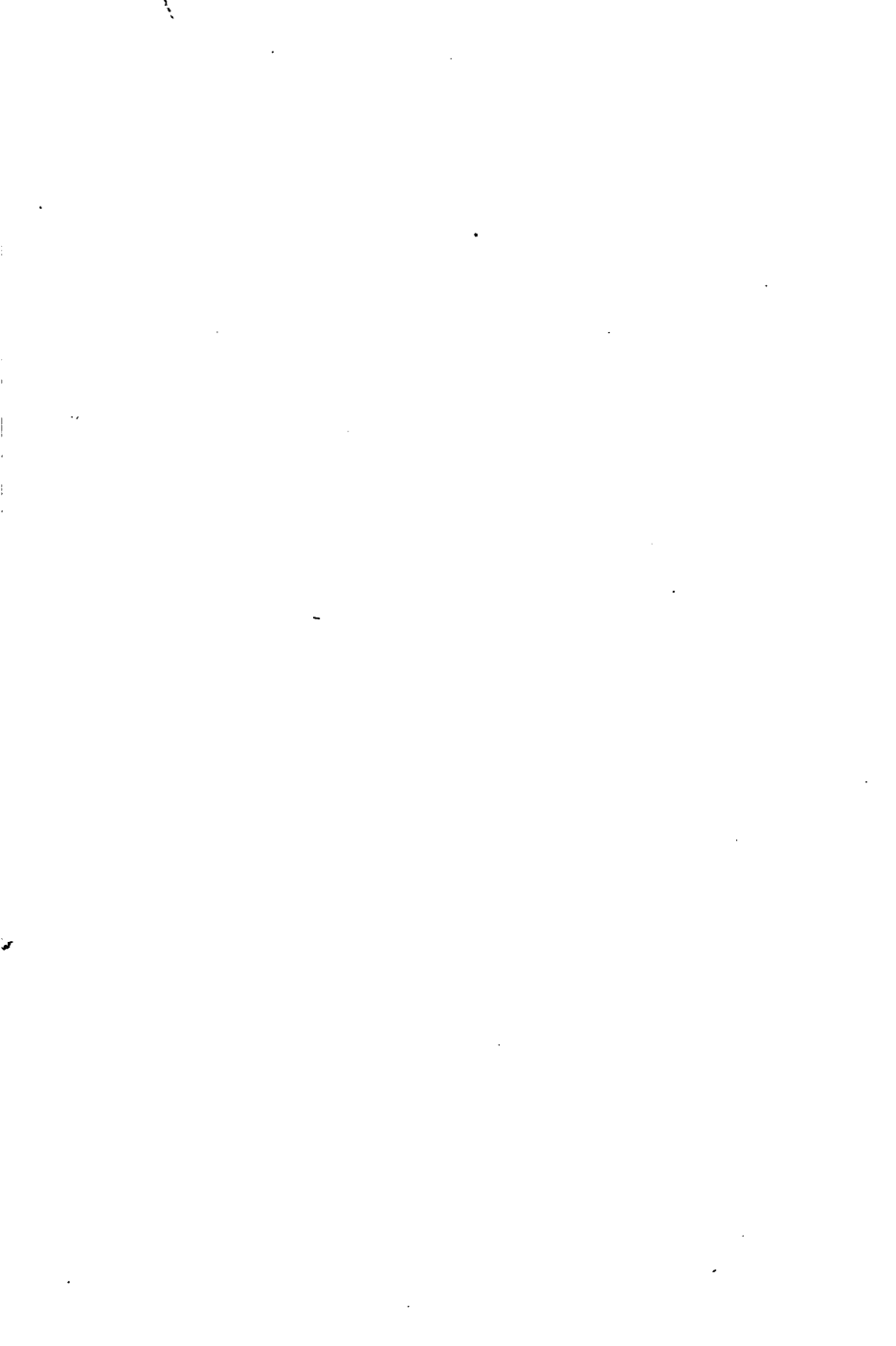
## IX

Ah, but Norah, you're perished an' thrimblin'  
wid could, sittin' here in the win' ;  
Did you bring ne'er a wrap to rowl round you,  
machree, now the night's closin' in ?

For there's mists curlin' white on the pools, and  
the air gits an edge whin they lift.  
Ay, the moon's up, just on'y a breath 'gin the  
blue, where the cloud comes adrift,  
Sthreelin' by like a haystack on fire, wid the flame  
blowin' off be the way  
In bright bundles and wisps, as if some wan 'ud  
harvest the light of the day.  
'Tisn't that fashion dark falls, out there in the aist.  
Wanst the sun goes on lave,  
Ne'er a thrace of a glame bides to show where he  
passed, like the foam of a wave ;  
He 'll be blazin' wan minit, and thin 'tis the same  
as if somebody shut  
A black door on the blink of a hearth, or kicked  
over a lamp wid his fut.  
So the rest of us rode thro' a night blindin' dark,  
till we'd half the plain crossed,  
And the moon riz ice-clear, wid a shine lyin' thick  
on the grass as hoar-frost,

You could gather up. And, troth, if our tongues  
had froze stiff, 'tis as much we'd ha' said,  
Wid Jack Connolly's baste saddle-empty, and  
jerkin' the reins as I led.  
Sure poor Jack had a dale of good-nature ; he'd  
fooled the ould mare all he could,  
And the crathur went slow-fut and heavy ; you  
might think that she understood.









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